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# LARGE GAME SHOOTING

IN

# THIBET AND THE NORTH WEST.



# LARGE GAME SHOOTING

IN

# THIBET AND THE NORTH WEST.

BY

ALEXANDER A. A. KINLOCH, C.M.Z.S.,

CAPTAIN 60TH ROYAL RIFLES (LATE RIFLE BRIGADE).

Illustrated by Photo-Tint.

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# INTRODUCTION.

THE favourable reception which the first part of my work has met with has encouraged me to bring out a second Volume, as promised in the Introduction to Part I.

Several friends have advised me to make the book more discursive and more adapted to amuse the general reader. I have thought it best, however, to adhere to my original plan, and to make this volume, like the first, a simple record of the not very sensational incidents which occurred during various hunting expeditions.

I have not lost sight of the primary object of my book, viz., to give faithful portraits of the various animals to which it refers. Circumstances have compelled me to omit two or three animals which I had intended to describe, but as these belong more properly to the Southern and Eastern parts of India, their omission is of less consequence. Should opportunities occur, I hope some day to produce a third Volume describing the whole of the remaining species of "Large Game" which inhabit other parts of India.

One of my critics was good enough to say that my rifle was my "better half!" Since the first Volume was published I have made two more expeditions into Thibet, and it may interest my Lady readers (should I be fortunate enough to have any) to hear that I was accompanied everywhere by my wife. I mention this in order to show that the difficulties in travelling in remote districts are not so insurmountable as is generally supposed, and that any lady who enjoys a little adventure may accompany her husband if she can only make up her mind to undergo a certain amount of "roughing it." I need hardly say, however, that she must be a good walker and rider, and possessed of the "pluck" in which English ladies seldom fail.

My wife crossed some of the highest passes in the Himalayas, and traversed certainly the very worst paths, without any serious inconvenience. In Thibet she generally rode a Yâk, which, although slow, is more sure-footed than a pony, and is not so apt to go lame on stony ground. In the lower hills, when she did not walk, she travelled in a "dandy," which may best be described as a small hammock slung to a pole and carried by four men. A short walking dress (of course without crinoline) is the best costume for a lady. A soft felt hat with a good thick "pugree" is the best head-dress; while a mask or thick veil is absolutely necessary to preserve the complexion from the cold dry wind and burning sun.

My wife saw nearly every species of game in the wild state, and actually saw me shoot Ovis Ammon, Thibetan Antelope, Ibex, Bears, &c.

The photographs in this volume, are, I think, still better than those in Part I. I have

again omitted to give portraits of some well known animals, but the two Volumes now contain likenesses of all the wild Goats, Sheep, Antelope, and Deer (with the exception of the well known Cashmere Stag and Sambur and the rare Swamp Deer) that are to be found in the North Western part of India and West of Thibet; while every species of "Large Game" has at least been described. I trust that my work may be of use to real sportsmen; and in conclusion I would express an earnest hope that those who may be induced, by these photographs and descriptions, to visit the distant lands where these noble animals are to be found, will enjoy good sport so long as they follow their pursuit as true sportsmen.

This, I am sorry to say, has *not* always been the case. Too many instances have occurred of late years of "would-be sportsmen" becoming disgusted with the hard work, and (being ashamed to come back empty handed) employing their Shikarries to shoot game for them, all thus obtained being counted in the bag. This is not the only harm done; rifles, guns and ammunition have been given to Shikarries—sometimes I fear in payment of wages—and they are consequently enabled and encouraged to kill game during the winter. A third evil is that of shooting females and young ones to swell the *numbers* of the bag. All these practices I consider highly unsportsmanlike. Those who give guns and ammunition to natives may consider themselves very generous; but it is selfish generosity at the expense of real sportsmen. No native—or not one in a hundred—shoots for sport, and it would be far better to give a man who had done good service a handsome present in rupees than to furnish him with the means of destroying a quantity of game whose value to him would be very little.

# LARGE GAME SHOOTING.

## CHAPTER I.

### DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRY.

THIBET and Cashmere were described in Part I, and it is now only necessary to give some account of the more eastern hills, of the forests that extend along the foot of the Himalayas (commonly called the Terai), and of the curiously broken country which lies between the Jhelum and the North West Frontier.

As we proceed eastwards from Cashmere, we find that the rainfall during the summer months greatly increases, and as a natural consequence, vegetation is much more luxuriant and of a slightly different character. In Cashmere we meet with various pines and many of the European forest trees. At Simla the Deodar Cedar abounds to the exclusion of nearly all other trees. At Mussourie various species of evergreen Oak form the greater part of the forest, and this is also the case at Nynee Tal. The beautiful tree Rhododendron is generally distributed.

The valleys of the various great rivers which cut their way through the hills are, as a rule, more contracted as we go further east. The slopes on either side are steep and rocky, but instead of being merely sprinkled with forest trees, they are clothed with the densest jungle, consisting principally of Oaks and Ringall cane. In addition to this, a thick undergrowth of Balsams and other fast growing herbaceous plants springs up after the first rains, and frequently attains a height of six or seven feet. These rocky forests are the favourite resort of the Tahr and the Serow. Where more open slopes occur, covered with short grass and sparsely sprinkled with pine trees, Gooral are nearly sure to be found. On some of the hills where the ground is not quite so precipitous and the forest more park-like, the Gerow or Sambur may be met with.

Descending to the foot of the hills from Mussourie, we find forests of Sāl, Send, and Bamboo; then comes the wide flat valley of the Doon, watered by several rivers, and bounded on the southern side by the curious Sewalik hills, which seem as if they had slipped away from the Himalayas.

The valley of the Dehra Doon, where not under cultivation, is covered with heavy grass jungle and beautiful forests intersected by many streams, and is the resort of the Elephant, the Tiger, the Panther, and of countless herds of Deer of various species, including Sambur, Spotted Deer, Hog Deer, Barking Deer, Neelghai, and Four Horned Antelope. Small game also abounds, in the shape of hares, porcupines, florikan, partridges, jungle fowl, peafowl, quail, &c.

The Sewalik hills are a perfect paradise for the sportsman who is fond of stalking and prefers a mixed bag on foot to the larger numerical bag that may be made off Elephants in a less broken country. The Sewaliks are composed of a series of abrupt rocky ridges intersected by deep, narrow, and tortuous ravines with stony watercourses. These ravines are called "sotes," the rocky watercourses are called "raos." The hills between the "raos" are more or less densely covered with jungle, consisting chiefly of Sāl, Send, Bamboo, and Maljun creeper, with of course, an undergrowth of rank grass. Here and there are flats and hollows among the hills; and on following up some narrow branch of a "sote" one may find it debouch into a shady amphitheatre with pools of water, probably the favourite standing place of some old solitary Tusker. In addition to the beasts met with in the Doon itself, the Black Bear (Melursus Labiatus) and the Gooral are also to be found.

The "Terai," or belt of forest extending for some distance from the foot of the hills, from the Doon on the west to our very eastern frontiers, is the home of countless "Large Game," including the Rhinoceros and the Buffalo; but these animals being very rare, and in fact almost extinct at the western end, will not be treated of in this volume. The Gond or Swamp Deer is also met with, but is not common till we get further east.

The vegetation of the Terai is very rank and luxuriant: in addition to noble forest trees, which are frequently grouped in masses affording ample shade, there are copses of leafy bushes whose tangled branches are almost impenetrable: wide plains covered with high grass here and there occur; while on the margin of some treacherous swamp or on the banks of some sluggish stream, are wide belts of "Nul" and "Burroo" reeds growing to the height of twenty feet or more, and so dense that none but the most powerful animals could possibly force their way between their stems. On the edges of such cover, or in the shade of some cool "boja" (as a thick grove of trees with bushy undergrowth is called) Tigers and Panthers delight to spend the hottest hours.

It is a grand sight to see a long line of Elephants beating through the Terai for Tigers —the solemn silent manner in which the line advances, each Elephant forcing its way straight ahead, only deviating from his course when some large stem or branch which it is beyond his power to break down, impedes his progress. The silence is occasionally broken by the crash of a tree levelled by the huge beaters, by the angry trumpet of an enraged animal as he is forced through an unusually thorny thicket, or by the abuse heaped upon a lazy or restive elephant by the Mahout.

The howdah elephants on which the sportsmen are mounted are distributed at intervals along the line, and as the beat progresses, some commotion may be observed as various species of game are roused. Rifles may be raised as a rush through the high grass,

and the moving stems, show the direction taken by some Cheetal or Hog Deer; but as yet it is not allowable to fire at such small deer, and the rifles are again lowered. A little later, and another rush accompanied by an angry grunt, and immediately followed by the shriek of one of the more timid pad Elephants, raises the hopes of those who are not near enough to see that it is only a sounder of Pig, headed by a surly old boar, whose ill temper at being roused from his noonday slumbers made him charge back through the beaters with a vicious cut at the legs of his nearest disturber.

The line advances half a mile further; and an old Tusker, who probably saw Tigers shot before any of the sportsmen present were born, raises his trunk in an ominous manner, then strikes it angrily on the ground, and shows plainly that he is aware of the presence of something that displeases him. He is too staunch and experienced to be afraid of Pig, and he does not even *fear* a Tiger, but would, if permitted, rush in on one as soon as he saw it; however, his uneasiness is pretty certain proof of a Tiger being near. The belt of cover is not here very wide, so the pad Elephants are ordered to close in, and they advance in compact order with a howdah on each flank, while one or two more guns have been sent half a mile further on to where there is a break in the cover.

The Tiger,—or there may be a family of them,—ought now to be considered as bagged; and it entirely depends upon circumstances whether they are shot down at once as soon as seen, or only "padded" after a prolonged and exciting fight. Most of my readers have probably read enough "Tiger stories" to prevent the necessity for my giving a long account of a Tiger fight now, more especially as I have related what I have actually seen in the chapter devoted to His striped Majesty.

The plains of India have been previously spoken of as a monotonous dead level; but after seeing nothing but this sort of scenery from the Ganges to the Jhelum, on crossing the latter river the traveller will find himself in a very different country. Between Jhelum and Peshawur, from the foot of the Himalayas to the junction of the Jhelum and the Indus, the land is broken up in a most fantastic way. Low ranges of hills, of which the Salt range is the highest and most conspicuous, run in various directions; while besides these upheavings of the soil, it is also hollowed out in an extraordinary manner, producing as it were a second series of hills and valleys, the summits of these lower hills only reaching the level of the bases of the ranges above.

Thousands of ravines of various depth and width intersect the country in every direction, and any one unacquainted with the locality would find the greatest difficulty in making his way from point to point, even on foot. To wheeled carriages, and even to beasts of burden, the country is impassable, except along two or three lines of communication, of which the Grand trunk road is the only good one. An invading army would have hard work in fighting its way from Attock to Jhelum. Water has evidently been the power at work which has so furrowed the country, and it would be interesting to know how many centuries were required to produce such results.

Oorial and Ravine Deer are scattered all over this country, inhabiting alike the hills and the ravines.

On the Indus leaving the rocky hills—between which it has hitherto been imprisoned—at Kalabagh, it opens out into a wider channel; the soil being soft and sandy, the course of the river is constantly changing; the bank on one side may be seen falling in at the rate of many acres a day, while the earth and sand thus swept away accumulate and form islands in other places. These islands and the banks of the river where not cultivated, are generally covered with long grass and "jhow." In former times the Swamp Deer (or "Goind," as it is here called) used to be common, but it is now very rare.

A large expanse of sandy desert extends from the right bank of the Indus to the low rocky ridges which form the line of our western frontier; and a more inhospitable looking country cannot be imagined than the "Derajat." From Dera Ismail Khan, one of our Frontier Stations, to the hills is about forty miles. On one of the highest peaks the small Sanitarium of Sheikh Boodeen has been established, to which people from Bunnoo and Dera Ismail Khan principally resort during the hot months. The hill is very steep and rugged, and there is little vegetation on it; a few wild olive trees, palm trees and thorny bushes being the only green things to relieve the eye. On the top of the hill is a tolerably level space around which the houses are built. Rain water for washing purposes is collected in tanks constructed at the top of the hill, but the supply is very precarious, and all drinking water is brought from the foot of the hills, a distance of eight miles, and an ascent of about 4,000 feet!

This hill, barren as it is, is the resort of great numbers of Markhoor and also of a few Oorial. Although I described the Markhoor in my first volume, the Sheikh Boodeen variety is so very different, that I have devoted a separate chapter to him.

The Suleiman Range and other mountains just beyond our frontier are said to abound in Markhoor of the largest size, and in other sorts of game, but as yet these hunting grounds are inaccessible to the English sportsman.



YAK *(Bos grunniens).*

## CHAPTER II.

THE YÂK.
BOS GRUNNIENS.
*Thibetan*—DONKH.
*Hind*—BUNCHOWR.

THE Wild Yâk is generally found on the lofty plains and mountains in the interior of Thibet, where vast herds are said to exist. But few places where it is found are accessible to Englishmen, as the Thibetan Government jealously exclude all European travellers from their country. A few sportsmen have indeed succeeded in penetrating for several marches into forbidden ground (either by going in disguise or by cleverly eluding the vigilance of the Tartars who guard the frontier), and have shot Yâk in the mountains to the north of the Sutlej. Such expeditions are, however, still more difficult than they formerly were, as the Thibetans are more particular than ever, and are moreover too sharp to allow themselves to be again deceived by the stratagems which have already been successfully employed against them.

Formerly Yâk were always to be found in the valleys between the Niti Pass and the Sutlej, and sportsmen were allowed to shoot there without interference, so long as they confined themselves to certain limits. The Yâk were so constantly hunted in this district, that of late years they appear to have grown shy of crossing the Sutlej, and there is but little chance of finding them in their old haunts. Yâk have been shot on the northern slopes of the Kara Koram mountains, but the best place to go to for them is undoubtedly the valley of Chung Chenmo. Here they are, certainly, only occasional visitors, but they are generally to be found, and now that the new route to Yarkund has been discovered, it is only necessary to go a few marches further north to be quite sure of finding them if they don't happen to be on the southern side of the passes.

The male Wild Yâk is a magnificent beast: he attains a height of fifteen hands or more, but stands on very short legs. He is nearly jet black, with the exception of a little white about the muzzle and a sprinkling of grey hairs on the head and neck. The hair is very long and shaggy, especially on the shoulders, thighs, and sides, where it hangs in heavy masses nearly reaching the ground; so that one can hardly see daylight under an old bull in his winter coat. The bushy tail of the Yâk is well known, being highly prized in India, where it is called "Chowry." It is used for switching away flies, and used to be considered one of the emblems of Royalty. The white tails which are brought for sale, are those of tame Yâk; tails of the wild species are black and of much greater size. The horns of the Yâk are

not remarkably large in proportion to the size of the animal: they grow to about three feet in length, and fourteen inches in circumference. The head, however, is very grand; the horns are finely curved, and the forehead broad and massive, the shaggy hair which nearly conceals the eyes adding much to the wildness of its appearance. The neck is thick and muscular, and the withers rise very high, forming a sort of hump. The fore-quarter of the Yâk reminds one of the American Bison, but, unlike that animal, he does not fall away behind: on the contrary, the back is nearly level, and the hind-quarters quite in proportion to the rest of the body. The legs are extraordinarily short and thick, and the hoofs large, the track of an old bull being nearly as large as that of a Camel.

The cow Yâk is considerably inferior in size to the bull, and her horns are small, but otherwise she much resembles him.

The Yâk inhabits the wildest and most desolate mountains; it delights in extreme cold; and is found, as a rule, at a greater elevation than any other animal. Although so large a beast, it thrives upon the coarsest pasturage, and its usual food consists of a rough wiry grass which grows in all the higher valleys of Thibet, up to an elevation of nearly 20,000 feet. On the banks of the streams in many places a more luxuriant grass is met with, and it is particularly plentiful in the valleys of Chung Chenmo and Kyobrung, forming the attraction which entices the Yâk from the still wilder and more barren country further north. Yâk seem to wander about a great deal. In summer the cows are generally to be found in herds varying in numbers from ten to one hundred, while the old bulls are for the most part solitary or in small parties of three or four. They feed at night and early in the morning, and usually betake themselves to some steep and barren hill side during the day, lying sometimes for hours in the same spot. Old bulls in particular seem to rejoice in choosing a commanding situation for their resting place, and their tracks may be found on the tops of the steepest hills far above the highest traces of vegetation. The Yâk is not, apparently, a very sharp-sighted beast, but its sense of smelling is extremely keen, and this is the chief danger to guard against in stalking it. In the high valleys of Thibet, where so many glens intersect one another, and where the temperature is continually changing, the wind is equally variable. It will sometimes shift to every point of the compass in the course of a few minutes, and the best planned stalk may be utterly spoiled. This is one of the chances which adds to the uncertainty of sport, and thereby, however provoking at the time, greatly enhances its charms.

Partially white wild Yâk have occasionally been seen, but these were probably the result of a cross between the wild cows and domestic bulls. The latter are frequently allowed to roam for months among the mountains where the wild Yâk are found, so it is not unlikely that the two species may sometimes breed together. The tame Yâk is smaller than the wild one, but there is little other difference: most tame ones are black, but many are more or less marked with white (the invariable result of domestication), and occasional brown, dun, and grey specimens are seen.

The flesh of the wild Yâk is excellent, the beef being fine in grain and of capital flavour, but that which I have tasted has always been very lean. The tongue and marrow-

bones are delicacies not to be despised, especially in a country where one has so little variety of food.

It has been said that a wounded Yâk will not charge, but this is a mistake. A friend of mine was charged by a wounded cow which came at him in a most determined way; and I have heard of several similar instances. The only bull which I have shot showed every disposition to fight, but the poor brute had not much chance.

My first expeditions in search of Yâk were singularly unsuccessful, and it seemed as if the Fates had decreed that I should never get one: however, I persevered and at last succeeded in bagging the fine bull whose portrait is here given.

I first visited Chung Chenmo in 1861, but I had very little time for shooting, and could only devote three days to hunting the Kyobrung valley, and as two friends accompanied me my chances of sport were of course not improved. On the 27th of July, S. and I had fired at some Thibetan Antelope, and fancying that one was wounded, I went off alone in pursuit. I had not gone far before I saw an old bull Yâk trotting up the ravine I was in, having evidently been disturbed by our shots. He was far out of shot, but I followed up his tracks as fast as possible in hopes of overtaking him. After tracking him along the valley for some way, I found he had turned up a narrow and very steep ravine, so narrow indeed, that he had only just room to pass between the lofty walls of rock on either side. I followed him up this gorge, and had a long and fatiguing climb to the top of a very high hill covered with loose shale. It took me a long time to reach the summit; and when I at last arrived there, I saw the bull standing sentry on a rocky peak about half a mile off. I lay down and watched him for about two hours, during which time he scarcely moved, only occasionally turning round, and keeping a most vigilant watch. At last he disappeared over the hill, and I hastened to the spot he had vacated. From thence I again saw him standing perfectly motionless on the hill side about three hundred yards farther on. After watching for a short time and seeing that he did not appear inclined to move, I proceeded to stalk him. Making a detour, I got to the top of the ridge under which he was standing, and on looking over I saw the tips of his horns, but a large rock concealed his body. Drawing back, I went on a few yards, and on again looking over, fully expected to have had an easy shot within sixty or seventy yards; instead of which to my horror, I saw the bull galloping straight down the hill, tail on end, about a quarter of a mile below me. He had either got my wind, or, more probably, been alarmed by some of our men whom I heard shouting in the valley below. I tracked him down to the river, and then, as it was nearly dark, returned to camp, fully intending to follow up the bull in the morning.

Next morning however, the ground was covered with snow, so tracking was out of the question, and though S. and I hunted every nullah to the head of the Kyobrung valley, we could find no traces of the Yâk.

Two days afterwards, as we were returning down the valley, we came upon the fresh traces of a bull (probably the same one), but though we followed the track at best pace for fifteen or sixteen miles we never came up with him, and we unfortunately had not another day to spare.

In 1862 I again went to Chung Chenmo on purpose for Yâk, but though I worked hard for a fortnight I never had the luck to see one. My friend H. who was with me, was more fortunate; he found Yâk at once in the first valley he went to, and killed a fine bull and a cow.

In 1864 I reached Chung Chenmo on the 28th of May, thinking that I should have a better chance early in the season—this I now believe to be a mistake. On my arrival I was laid up for four days with a severe attack of fever and ague, but on recovering I at once went up the Kyobrung valley. I had not gone above five miles when I discovered three Yâk on the opposite side of the river. I was not long in getting across, and had succeeded in stalking to within two hundred yards, when the wind, which had been perfectly favourable, suddenly veered round to the opposite point of the compass. The Yâk at once scented me and made off at full speed, and two or three wild shots which I fired after them were ineffectual. I hunted for a fortnight in hopes of finding either those three Yâk or others, but I never even saw a fresh track, and at last left the valley in disgust. About three weeks afterwards another Officer found a large herd on the same ground that I had unsuccessfully hunted!

In 1865 I crossed the Chor Hoti Pass and hunted in the valley of the Sutlej. This ground used to be a favourite resort of Yâk, but I was informed by the Niti Shikarries that they had not been seen here for three or four years. An Officer who was just ahead of me however, found three bulls, wounded, and lost one. With my usual luck I never saw one, though I carefully hunted all the most likely places. I had intended to have crossed the Sutlej, but my rascally Shikarrie would give me no assistance, and even, I believe, informed the Tartars of my intentions.

In 1870 I once more visited Chung Chenmo, resolving to hunt there as long as my leave lasted, if I could not find Yâk at once. I went up the valley of Kyobrung on the 26th of June, but saw no recent traces of Yâk either on that day or the following one.

On the 28th, on reaching the mouth of a small lateral valley, I was delighted to see a herd of Yâk feeding on the grassy banks of the stream. It was impossible to stalk them where they were, as the wind was at present unfavourable, and in a short time they went up the stony hill side above them and lay down on the shingle. I watched them all day, expecting them to come down to feed in the afternoon, but they did not move until it was very nearly dark, and then came down so slowly that I had to leave them and return to camp, which was fortunately only about two miles off. I had counted the Yâk and found that there were fifteen of them, but all cows.

Next morning I was up before daylight, and on reaching the valley where I had left the Yâk I saw the herd just leaving it. As they turned the corner to go up the next valley I followed them, and, taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground, got within sixty yards. As I was trying to make out which was the largest cow, one of them saw me, and started off. As she did so I fired and hit her hard, and then ran after the herd, reloading as I went. They did not go away very fast, being evidently confused by the firing, and I fired three or four shots, which had the effect of breaking up the herd into two portions. One lot of three now went straight up the hill above me, and I soon rolled over two of

them quite dead. Two or three of the other lot had already shown signs of being badly wounded, but none of them had yet dropped. I now turned my attention to them, and saw that one very large cow had a broken foreleg and was limping slowly away. I followed her up, and soon overtook her in the bed of the river, and gave her a finishing bullet. The other wounded Yâk escaped with the rest of the herd. I had now shot three cow Yâk, so I determined not to fire at any more, but I was more anxious than ever to bag a bull.

Next day I went up to the very head of the Kyobrung valley, exploring all the small lateral valleys as I went, but I could not even see the track of a bull. I found one cow, which I would not attempt to shoot, but I bagged three fine Antelope.

On the 1st July I had several letters to write, so I did not go out in the morning, but sent men to bring in the Antelope which I had left under a rock. About mid-day a man came in with the news that he had seen a bull. I at once started in pursuit, and after walking about six miles, reached the place where he had been seen. Here, sure enough, was a large fresh track which I at once followed up: we had not gone far before we disturbed a flock of fine Burrell, which unfortunately galloped away in the direction that the bull had taken, and on tracking a mile or two further we found that they had evidently disturbed him. He had been lying down on the steep hillside, but on seeing the Burrell running away he had gone further up the valley. Luckily he was not much frightened, and about a mile further on we found him standing in a wide ravine far up the hillside. He had chosen his position well, and it was quite impossible to approach him where he was, so I lay down to watch him. He soon lay down, and remained in the same position till it was quite dark, when I left him and returned to camp, a rough walk of eight or nine miles.

I was quite determined that I would not lose a chance of shooting the bull by any laziness on my part, so I was up long before daylight next morning and set out for the place where I had left him. On reaching the spot, we found by the tracks that he had gone a little higher up the valley, and then descended to the river, which he had crossed.

We now discovered a herd of Yâk feeding two or three miles farther up the valley; so, thinking it probable that the bull might have joined them, we marked the place where we left his tracks and went to have a look at the herd. We were not disappointed—the old bull was there, the remainder of the herd consisting of the twelve survivors of the lot which I had fired at two days before; and I was sorry to see that two of them were evidently badly wounded and very sick (they were afterwards found, one dead, and the other so weak that it could not keep with the herd). The Yâk were feeding in a grassy nullah, which was so wide where they were, that it was impossible to get a shot; but I saw that if they moved further up in the direction in which they were now feeding, I should probably get a good chance. I was very anxious about the wind, which was continually changing, but fortunately it did not blow towards the Yâk, and after waiting about two hours, I had the satisfaction of seeing them walk quickly up the nullah. All was now nearly spoiled by one of the wounded cows which had lagged a couple of hundred yards behind the herd; but fortunately a green patch of grass delayed the others, and she

overtook them. I now commenced the stalk: the wind was luckily steady for a short time, and I followed the Yâk under cover of the bank of the nullah. Having approached as near as I could without showing myself, I found that the range was still rather a long one, so I crawled quietly along in full view of the herd and gained a good many yards without being seen. Two or three of the cows now got their heads up, and though they had not made me out, I thought it best to fire. The bull was feeding in a good position, and I pressed the trigger steadily. To my disgust the cartridge missed fire! (the only one of Eley's "Gastight" that I had ever known to fail), but the distance was too great for the Yâk to notice it, and I put in a new cartridge and tried again. I did not see where the bullet struck, but it did not drop the bull as I had expected. One lock of my heavy double-barrel was out of order, so I changed the big rifle for a "Henry" single-barrel, and hit the bull rather far back, but crippled him a good deal; and again taking the double-barrel, I broke his foreleg with my third shot. He was now at my mercy, though he went off on three legs, and I missed one or two shots at a long range. This was useless, so I ran after him, and he soon turned and stood at bay, shaking his head and flourishing his tail in a threatening manner. Poor beast! he was too hard hit to charge far; and as I had only one barrel to depend upon, I did not walk right up to him, but fired at him from the distance of about one hundred yards. Two bullets from my heavy rifle struck him on the point of the shoulder, but he never flinched, merely shaking his head angrily as each bullet struck him: a few seconds after the last shot he trembled and rolled over dead. On going up to him I was quite astonished at his immense size. He had looked very big when alive, but it required a closer inspection to discover how enormously powerful he was.

As camp was seven or eight miles off I cut off his tail as a trophy, and left the bull to be brought in on the following day; first taking the precaution of fastening a rope in a circle round the carcase in order to keep off the Chankos, who will not touch any meat if they suspect the existence of a trap.

The flesh of the bull when cut up loaded several tame Yâk, the hide and head alone forming a considerable load. The hair was all coming out, so the skin was not worth keeping.

November would be the best month in which to shoot Yâk, as their skins would then be in good order, but unfortunately it is impossible for Officers quartered in India to get leave at that season.

In order to make sure of bagging Yâk in Chung Chenmo, it is advisable not to fire at other game until the country has been thoroughly hunted for the larger animals. Although the bull Yâk is such a splendid beast, I think it is hardly worth the while of any sportsman who may perhaps have only *one* opportunity of visiting Chung Chenmo, to lose the chances which he will probably get at other game, such as Antelope, Oves Ammon, and Burrell. Of this, however, everyone can judge best for himself.



THE TAHR *(Hemitragus jemlaicus).*

## CHAPTER III.

THE TAHR.
HEMITRAGUS JEMLAICUS.
*Puharrie*—TAHR—TEHR—(THE MALE-JOOLA).
*Kishtwar*—KRASS.
*Chumba and Pangi*—KURT.
*Cashmeerie*—JUGGLA.

THIS Wild Goat is one of the most widely distributed of the Himalayan Large Game, being found on suitable ground along the whole range from Nepaul to the western frontier of Cashmere.

It is most abundant in the valleys of the Ganges and Jumna, in some parts of Chumba, and in Kishtwar. I should perhaps say *was* abundant in the Ganges valley, for its numbers have been much thinned of late years.

The Tahr is a fine looking beast, although his horns are small, and he cannot compare with his majestic relatives the Ibex and the Markhoor. The male Tahr is about the same size as the Ibex, but rather more heavily made. The general colour is a reddish brown deepening into a much darker tint on the hind quarters, but individuals vary a good deal, and I have shot one which was of a yellowish white. The face is covered with smooth short hair, and is nearly black: the hair of the body is long and coarse, attaining its greatest length on the neck, chest, and shoulders, where it forms a fine flowing mane reaching below the animal's knees. The horns are curious, being triangular, with the sharp edge to the front: they are very thick at the base, and taper rapidly to a fine point, curving right back on to the neck. The largest horns attain a length of about fourteen inches, and are ten or eleven inches in circumference at the base.

The female Tahr is very much smaller than the male, the hair is short, and the horns diminutive. The colour is a lightish red, with a dark stripe down the back.

The Tahr is, like the Markhoor, a forest loving animal, and although it sometimes resorts to the rocky summits of the hills, it generally prefers the steep slopes which are more or less clothed with trees. Female Tahr may be frequently found on open ground, but old males hide a great deal in the thickest jungle, lying during the heat of the day under the shade of trees or overhanging rocks. Nearly perpendicular hills with dangerous precipices, where the forest consists of Oak and Ringall cane, are the favourite haunts of the old Tahr, who climb with ease over ground where one would hardly imagine that any animal could find a footing. Tahr ground indeed is about the worst walking I know, almost

rivalling Markhoor ground; the only advantage being that, bad as it is, there are generally some bushes or grass to hold on to.

Owing to the ground it inhabits being so covered with jungle, the pursuit of the Tahr is attended with a good deal of labour and uncertainty. Forcing one's way for hours through tangled bushes is very fatiguing, and as it is impossible to do so without noise, chances are often lost which would be easy enough if the ground was more open. Frequently, although the tracks show that old Tahr must be near, and in spite of the utmost care and caution, the first intimation one has of the presence of the game is a rush through the bushes, a clatter of falling stones, and perhaps a glimpse of the shaggy hind-quarters of the last of the herd as he vanishes over some precipice where it is perfectly impossible to follow him.

Early in the spring, when grass and leaves are scarce, and again in the rutting season, are the best times for Tahr shooting, as the old males then come out on the open slopes.

The Tahr is very tenacious of life, and even when mortally wounded, he will frequently make his escape into utterly impracticable ground. In autumn the Tahr becomes immensely fat and heavy, and his flesh is then in high favour with the natives, the rank flavour suiting their not very delicate palates. An Englishman would rather not be within one hundred yards to leeward of him! the perfume being equal to treble distilled "bouquet de bouc." Ibex is bad enough, but Tahr is "a caution." The flesh of the female is, however, excellent.

During my earlier hunting expeditions in the hills, I never devoted much time to Tahr, and though I had shot two or three small ones, I did not bag a good specimen till 1870. In April of that year I went to Mangli, a village a few marches from Chumba, having heard that it was a good place.

I reached the village on the 21st, and having engaged a Shikarrie named Mahidr, I went out early in the afternoon. Crossing the river a little above the village, we ascended the opposite hill, and before long saw a flock of female Tahr among some steep cliffs. Leaving them alone, we went more to the right and still higher up, and my Shikarrie soon discovered eight or nine old males. They were coming down the hill to feed, and presently galloped down to an old sheep fold where there was plenty of young fresh grass. The stalk was an easy one, and after crossing several ravines and scrambling through a lot of jungle we arrived nearly within shot. As bad luck would have it, however, we had been seen by a second flock of females, which went up the rocks above us and gave the alarm to the old males. The latter had not seen us, but had collected together and now moved off along the hill side. Mahidr's advice was to leave them alone till next day, and accordingly we began to descend the hill, but before we had gone far, we saw that the flock were again quietly feeding. We therefore reascended, and soon reached the ravine in which the Tahr were. Creeping carefully through the bushes I saw them walking up the opposite slope headed by a very light coloured fellow. He was a large one, so I knocked him over with the double barrel and fired the second barrel at another one, which also

rolled over. Both Tahr now staggered down the hill, but the first one immediately stopped, and I finished him with a bullet from a Henry rifle. The second Tahr disappeared among the bushes, and reaching some inaccessible ground, was lost; a heavy thunderstorm, which came on immediately, washing out any tracks that we might have followed. The dead Tahr had a good pair of horns, and his coat although short, was in very good order. On the way home I wounded a Black Bear, but though he fell twice he managed to escape.

Next day I went to look for Bruin, but heavy rain had washed away most of the blood and we could not track him. Late in the afternoon we found a flock of Tahr, males and females. After an easy stalk I got within shot, but they were among thick bushes and a small one gave the alarm before I could pick out a good one to fire at. I then fired a quick shot and missed, but hit one with my second barrel; however it went off with the rest. Running after them as hard as I could, I was in time to see the flock going up the opposite side of a deep and wide ravine. I opened fire at them with a single barrelled Henry, and knocked over a young male stone dead. I hit two others, one a very fine fellow, and as he immediately lay down I felt sure of him. I crossed the ravine for the purpose of finishing him, but was just in time to see him cross a ridge of high rocks, to the top of which he contrived to climb in a miraculous manner on three legs. I scrambled up with great difficulty and followed the track by the blood for a long way but had to give it up as it was very late. We reached the foot of the hill with difficulty as the night was pitch dark. I was very glad to meet some men whom my wife had sent out with torches in search of me.

These torches are made of splinters of the Cheel pine (Pinus longifolia); they are full of resin and burn most brilliantly.

On the 24th we were out early, and after passing some small Tahr at which I would not fire, we saw three old males going up to some high rocks, and as we expected them to come down to feed in the evening we sat down to wait for them. Late in the afternoon they again appeared, and another solitary fellow also showed himself, but they remained high up till it was too late to go after them.

On the 25th I again went out early in a different direction, and high up the hill I disturbed some small Tahr. These gave the alarm to a flock of old males, which I first observed as they were making off up some steep rocks two hundred yards off. I fired with the Henry rifle and hit one, and as the flock stood to gaze I hit another, and then hit the first one again. Some of my cartridges (which had got damp) missed fire, and I now found to my disgust that I had no more, while the distance was too great for my heavy double barrel. The Tahr that had been twice struck however seemed unable to accompany the flock, and at once lay down. I therefore proceeded to stalk him, feeling sure that I should easily get him. I had to make a long round, and when I at last reached the place from which I expected to get a shot the Tahr had gone. There was a great pool of blood, and there was plenty on the tracks, but after following them for a long distance over very precipitous ground and through thick bushes, the blood suddenly ceased and we were unable to track any further. This was one instance of the uselessness of solid bullets from small-

bore rifles. Had I been using Express bullets I should certainly have bagged both these Tahr; as it was I went home empty handed, a succession of bitterly cold hailstorms making me seek the shelter of the tents earlier than usual.

I did not go out again till the following afternoon, when I went in search of the three old Tahr that we had seen on the 24th. After going very high up I found them close to where we had previously seen them. The stalk was a long and difficult one, but Mahidr's knowledge of the ground enabled us to get within about one hundred and twenty yards of our game. They were feeding unsuspiciously, and I was capitally concealed among some low bushes. I picked out the biggest one and hit him just below the shoulder with my double barrel. He did not fall, but at once turned down the ravine in which he had been feeding and came past me at a great pace. The other two stood to gaze, but profiting by past experience I determined to make sure of the wounded one. I therefore followed him down the ravine as hard as I could go, constantly slipping and falling on the steep hillside, but occasionally getting a shot at the Tahr. I was so shaky from the violent exertion that I did not shoot very well, and it was not until he had received four or five bullets from the Henry that the old Tahr finally rolled over. He proved to be a very fine specimen with good horns and a shaggy coat. His portrait is here given. I did not reach the tents till after dark.

I only went out once more after Tahr, when I again lost a fine old male in an extraordinary manner. I had gone out with A.—a brother Officer—more with the intention of assisting him than of shooting on my own account. As usual when two people go together we were unlucky and did not get a chance at old Tahr till we were on our way home, when we saw a fine old fellow come out of the forest and commence to feed on a grassy slope. He was very wide awake and suspicious, but as he came down the hill I thought we were sure to get an easy shot. However as we were stalking him we had to cross a rather awkward place at which A. was delayed and made some noise. The Tahr either heard or saw us and set off at full speed. I ran for a shot, and fired at him as he stopped for a moment. I hit him hard and he stood still and began to scream. I fired another shot or two and hit him again, upon which he began to turn round and round in a most curious way: he then moved behind a rock and stood for some time, but finally went off into the jungle. I followed at best pace, but as he bled very little I was unable to track him.

To account for losing so many wounded beasts I must explain that the ground was very rough and jungly; none of the Shikarries had the remotest idea of tracking; and heavy rain generally came on shortly after the animals were wounded. It rained nearly every day I was at Mangli.



THE TRANS-INDUS MARKHOOR *(Capra jerdoni).*

## CHAPTER IV.

THE TRANS-INDUS MARKHOOR.
CAPRA JERDONI.
*Persian*—MAR KHOR.

THIS variety of Markhoor is so different from the one whose photograph appears in Part I, that I think he is worthy of a separate portrait and description.

There are said to be two varieties of Markhoor on the Sheikh Boodeen range, one indigenous, and the other originated by stragglers which have crossed over from the Suleiman range. Whether this is the case or not I have seen horns of very different shapes that have been shot on the hill. The one here photographed is supposed to be one of the true Sheikh Boodeen breed.

The animal itself is very much smaller than the Pir Punjal Markhoor and the beard is not nearly so abundant. A reference to the photograph will explain the shape of the horns better than any written description. I believe that the finest pair ever procured on the Sheikh Boodeen hill measured thirty-two inches in length (direct measurement—not along the spiral). Those in the photograph are about twenty-four inches long.

The Trans-Indus Markhoor appear to be much less shy than those in Cashmere; they wander all over the hill and are frequently seen from the roadside and occasionally from the windows of the houses. It is even said that during the winter months, when the station is deserted, they may be seen among the buildings!

In 1871 I had to visit the station of Dera Ismail Khan on duty, and I took advantage of being so near to obtain ten days' leave. The Deputy Commissioner kindly laid out horses for me and I galloped over the dreary forty miles of sand that intervene between Dera and the Sanitarium.

On my way up the steep and rugged path which leads to the top of the hill I saw some Markhoor by the roadside. I thought that this augured well for my chances of sport.

Having secured the services of a Shikarrie named Shahzadah I sent out my bed, some food, and two or three "mussucks" of water on the evening of the 24th of September, and, accompanied by Shahzadah, took a stroll over the hill in the direction of my sleeping place. We had not gone much more than half a mile when I discovered a male Markhoor feeding under some perpendicular cliffs: he was in a good place to stalk and we were not long in getting within easy distance. On looking over the rocks I saw two small Markhoor within sixty yards, but of course I would not fire at them. Shahzadah bothered me to fire, but I refused, saying that they were too small: he replied "it is a big one" and became so

excited, and made such a noise, that the Markhoor took alarm and made off. It turned out that Shahzadah *had* seen the big one, while I, being a little below him, could not possibly see it, as it was behind a thick bush. The Markhoor halted for a moment after running some distance and gave me a long snap shot which I just missed. On the way to our bivouac we saw some more Markhoor in the distance but it was too late to go after them.

At daylight next morning we commenced to ascend the hill on the opposite side of the valley in which we had slept, and we had not gone far before we saw some Markhoor above us. On reaching the crest of the ridge we found that there was a large flock, eight or ten of them being good sized males. They were on the very top of the ridge, and it was impossible to stalk them were they were, so I lay down to watch them. They were about three hundred yards off and Shahzadah kept asking me to fire, which of course I would not do. After waiting for more than half an hour the Markhoor suddenly took fright and made off, and I then found that Shahzadah had again spoiled everything by sending a man for water, who had come straight up the hill and driven the Markhoor away. We marked the direction they went in and after making a long round we got to the head of the valley where they had stopped. Here we found eight or nine old fellows lying down in a capital place, but on our way to stalk them we unfortunately disturbed another flock which went off and gave the alarm.

Two males were next discovered lying under a tree at the foot of a high precipice. We went round to the top, but I found that we were above three hundred yards off. We however managed to scramble down a nullah and reach a level place above the Markhoor. I could only see one; he was lying in the shade of the tree and was fully one hundred and seventy yards off, but as he was nearly straight below me I put up the lowest sight and shot him dead. The other one then jumped up, but did not show himself till he was more than two hundred yards off, and I missed him. The one killed was a fair specimen of the species: his photograph is here given.

We were now a long way from home, the day had been very hot, our water was nearly done, and my "Chuplees" (a sort of sandal) had been cut to pieces by the sharp rocks, so I had to borrow my Shikarrie's and get along as I best could. At last we halted to see if there was any water in a small spring; we found it a mass of mud, having been trampled in by the Markhoor. As we reached it I happened to look up, and saw a flock of Markhoor within one hundred yards. I sent for my rifle which had been left a short distance below, and had just time to put in two cartridges before the Markhoor began to move. I fired at the biggest one, and seeing him stagger, fired the other barrel at him. Unfortunately a small one got in the way and was knocked over, but the first one only went a few yards before he also fell. We cleared out the spring and managed to procure a few drops of water which we gladly drank—black as ink though it was. I thought I should never reach the top of the hill and I was thoroughly tired out when I at last got home.

On the 26th I took a rest, and I was just going out shooting again on the 27th, when I received a telegram which necessitated my immediate return.

Having sent off all my baggage, I left Sheikh Boodeen, about 3 A.M. on the 28th and

went down to a ridge from which there was a good look out. It was still dark when I got there so I sat down and waited for daylight. Soon after dawn we saw Markhoor on the opposite hill so we crossed over to look for them. They had gone, however, and though we explored some most likely looking precipitous ravines we could see nothing of them. Going along the ridge in the direction of Puniāla (the dâk bungalow at the foot of the hill) we met a flock coming over from the other side. They were only about one hundred yards off, but the sun was in my eyes and I had to get Shahzadah to shade them before I could fire. I picked out the biggest male, which galloped a short distance and then fell dead.

## CHAPTER V.

THE SEROW.
NEMORHŒDUS BUBALINUS.
*Puharrie*—SEROW.
*Simla*—EEMOO.
*Cashmeerie*—RAMOO—HALJ—SALLABHEER.

THIS very curious animal, although nowhere actually plentiful, appears to have as wide a range as any ruminant in India. It is found all along the hills from Assam to the western frontier of Cashmere. It is perhaps most commonly found in the neighbourhood of Nynee Tal and Mussourie, on the Shālee peaks near Simla, and in the Sinde valley in Cashmere.

The Serow is an ungainly looking animal, combining the characteristics of the cow, the donkey, the pig, and the goat! It is a large and powerful beast, considerably larger than a Tahr, and longer in the leg. The body is covered with very coarse hair, which assumes the form of a bristly mane on the neck and shoulders, and gives the beast a ferocious appearance, which does not belie its disposition. The colour is a dull black on the back, bright red on the sides, and white underneath, the legs also being dirty white. The ears are very large, the muzzle is coarse, and two singular circular orifices are situated two or three inches below the eyes. The horns are stout at the base, are ringed nearly to the tips, and curve back close to the neck, growing to the length of from nine to fourteen inches: they are very sharp pointed, and the Serow is said to be able to make good use of them.

The sexes vary very little, less than in any ruminating animal with which I am acquainted: both are furnished with horns of nearly the same size, those of an old male being rather thicker than those of the female.

The Serow has an awkward gait; but in spite of this it can go over the worst ground; and it has perhaps no superior in going down steep hills.

It is a solitary animal, and is nowhere numerous; two or three may be found on one hill, four or five on another, and so on. It delights in the steepest and most rocky hill-sides, and its favourite resting places are in caves, under the shelter of overhanging rocks, or at the foot of shady trees. It constantly repairs to the same spots, as testified to by the large heaps of its droppings which are to be found in the localities above alluded to.

Although very shy and difficult to find, the Serow is a fierce and dangerous brute when wounded and brought to bay. I have even heard of an unwounded male charging when his mate had been shot. It is said that the Serow will sometimes beat off a pack of



THE SEROW *(Nemorhædus bubalinus).*

Wild dogs, and I believe that Serow and dogs have been found lying dead together. It is therefore advisable to be cautious when approaching a wounded one.

When disturbed the Serow utters a most singular sound, something between a snort and a screaming whistle, and I have heard them screaming loudly when they had apparently not been alarmed.

The first year I visited Cashmere I might have had two or three chances at Serow, but in those days I thought more of getting a Bear! and took no trouble about the rarer animal. Since then I only once or twice met with Serow during all my wanderings, and never got a chance at one till 1872, when I went to Cashmere for the express purpose of bagging one.

I did not get away from Rawul Pindee till near the middle of June, and consequently I reached Cashmere at about the worst season for shooting. The grass and weeds had grown to a great height, the sun was very hot, and the Serow kept themselves concealed in the thickest forests. I first hunted some likely looking ground between Nowshera and Baramoola, but though fresh tracks were to be found, I could not see a beast.

I then went on to the Sinde valley, and encamped in a wide nullah a short distance below the village of Wangut.

During the first day or two's hunting I saw nothing, though I constantly found fresh tracks. On the 1st of July I was out long before daylight, and went up the nullah behind our camp: having gone some distance to where the sources of the stream met, we were climbing up a steep ravine when we found quite fresh tracks of a Serow. I determined to follow them as long as I could, and accordingly took up the trail. It led us towards camp, along the steep hill side; through thick forests, long rank weeds and grass, and under overhanging shelves of rock. We went along slowly and carefully, sitting down to reconnoitre wherever the ground was sufficiently clear to give any chance of seeing the object of our pursuit. We knew that he must have passed not long before us, so we patiently continued the chase for several hours. At last we heard a rush through a thicket a short distance ahead of us, but I only got a momentary glimpse of something black, and was unable to fire. On going forward about fifty yards, we found where the Serow had been lying under a thick yew tree, whose branches hung down to the ground and had completely concealed him. The tracks showed that according to their usual custom when disturbed, the Serow had rushed down the hill. We followed quietly, and in a short time we again heard him bound away, this time uttering the peculiar screaming snort that showed that he had seen us, though I was unable to catch sight of him.

The next day I found another fresh track, but the Serow had been disturbed by my shooting a Musk Deer, and I did not think it worth while to track him far.

A badly fitting grass shoe had bruised a sinew in my foot: an abscess formed; and I was unable to move for a fortnight. By the time I was able to go out again the vegetation had much increased, and my chances of sport were proportionately diminished.

On the 16th I made arrangements for sleeping out, and, accompanied by my Shikarrie and a couple of coolies, crossed the Wangut river and went up the banks of a stream

opposite. The walking was very rough, over boulders and fallen trees, and through thick tangled bushes. At length we reached a place where the valley became narrower, being shut in by high steep rocks, and the forest was so dense that there was hardly any chance of seeing a beast. We therefore chose a spot to sleep on, and ascended a ridge where the forest was a little thinner than in other places. We had climbed up some way when a heavy shower came on, so I sat down under a tree to watch while the Shikarrie went a little higher up. In a short time he returned with the news that he had found a Serow lying down, and I at once went in pursuit. The ground was precipitous and covered with pine leaves, and it was very difficult to walk without falling and making a noise. The Shikarrie led me up behind a large stone on the crest of a ridge, and on looking over I could indistinctly see the Serow standing under the overhanging branches of a pine tree within forty yards. I sent a bullet through its shoulder, but it did not fall, so I fired another shot to make sure. The Serow now rolled down the steep hill side, and by the time we got down it was dead. It proved to be a very large female with a good pair of horns.

Skinning took some time, and it was dark before we reached our bivouac. My bed had been made under an overhanging rock, but there were unfortunately cracks in the stone, and as a heavy thunderstorm came on just after I had turned in, my bed was soon flooded. There was nothing to be done but to get up, make a heap of my blankets, and join the Shikarries and coolies under their rock, which afforded rather better shelter. With some difficulty we lighted a fire, and spent a tolerably comfortable night after all. I saw nothing on my way back to camp next morning.

On the 19th I again went up the hill behind camp to hunt for a Serow, whose fresh tracks had been seen a few days before. After a long walk we heard a Serow scream at some distance, but it was a long time before we could find out where he had gone to. At last we found the tracks, and followed them till they brought us to a wide rocky nullah, the opposite bank of which was covered with pine trees. We sat down for a long time and carefully examined the opposite forest with the glass, but could see nothing. At last we sent a coolie down to reconnoitre a narrow nullah below us, and directly after he had rejoined us we saw the Serow moving off through the forest which we had been watching in vain. On going to the place where he had been lying at the foot of a tree, we found that he had been in full view of us all the time, and had we only made him out I must have got an easy shot. As he had only seen the coolie at a great distance, we hoped that he would not go far, but we followed the track for hours without coming up with him, and we had at last to give up the chase.

Next day I moved down to Chuttergool and hunted there for about a week without seeing anything. There were plenty of fresh tracks, but the Serow themselves remained invisible. Hunting at this season among the rank wet jungle is most unsatisfactory, and disagreeable work.

Early in the season, when the Serow, like other beasts, are compelled to wander in search of food, is the best time to look for them.



GOORAL.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE GOORAL.
NEMORHŒDUS GOORAL.
*Puharrie*—GOORAL—BUND BUCKREE.
*Chumba*—PEEJ.
*Cashmeerie*—REIÑ—ROM.

THE Gooral, like the Serow, belongs to the Chamois family, but it is more like the European species in size, appearance and habits. It is to be found all along the southern slopes of the Himalayas, and even in the low and hot Sewalik hills. It is the least wild of the game animals of the hills, being frequently found close to villages and in the immediate neighbourhood of the large Hill stations of Simla, Mussourie and Nynee Tal.

The favourite haunts of the Gooral with which I am acquainted are the valleys of the Ganges and Jumna and their tributaries, and the province of Chumba. In the latter State, Gooral are particularly numerous. I have several times seen, and have once shot, Gooral in the Sewalik hills.

The Gooral is an active little beast and much resembles a small goat, but the back is more arched. The prevailing colour is a brownish grey with a dark stripe along the back and dark markings on the legs. Underneath the throat is a large white spot which is very conspicuous when the animal is standing above one, and often betrays its presence when it would otherwise have escaped observation. The hair is soft but rather coarse, and about two inches long. The horns are exactly like those of the Serow in miniature, being ringed at the base, tapering to a fine point, and curving back close to the neck. Both sexes are furnished with horns, but those of the female are considerably shorter and thinner than those of the male. A good buck's horn will measure about nine inches.

Gooral are not gregarious like the true Goats—all of which frequently assemble in large flocks—but are usually scattered about the hills, three or four being occasionally found close together; but more commonly they feed alone or in pairs. They are to be found in all sorts of ground, from bare crags to thick undulating forest, but their favourite resorts are steep rocky hills thinly sprinkled with forest, especially where it consists of the Kolin pine. In bright weather they conceal themselves in shady places during the daytime, and only come out to feed on the open slopes in the morning and evening; but when the weather is cloudy they sometimes feed nearly all day.

From living so near human habitations, and constantly seeing shepherds and wood-

cutters, Gooral are not alarmed by seeing men at a distance, and where the ground is much broken they are not difficult to stalk. Where they are at all plentiful they afford very good sport, and their pursuit is a capital school for the young sportsman. Gooral shooting is in fact like miniature Ibex shooting. The ground they inhabit is frequently difficult walking; the animals are quite sufficiently wary to test the generalship of the stalker; and as they do not present a very large mark good shooting is required.

The best way to hunt them is (having discovered a good hill) to be on the ground by daylight, and work along the face of the hill, keeping as high up as possible. Every slope should be carefully examined, and on reaching the edge of each ravine it should be thoroughly reconnoitred. Being good climbers, the Gooral may be found in all sorts of places—on narrow ledges on the face of steep precipices: on gentle slopes of young grass: and among scattered bushes or forest trees. As little noise as possible should be made; talking should never be allowed, for nothing frightens game so much. Frequently after firing a shot or two on a hill side, other animals may be found quietly feeding a little further on, whereas if there has been any shouting or talking, the beasts will have been driven away. Shooting over a hill does not appear to have the effect of frightening Gooral away: when disturbed they seldom go far, and may be found again on their old ground in the course of a day or two. On detecting the presence of danger, the Gooral generally stands still and utters several sharp hisses before moving away.

In 1865 I went to the valley of Billing in Gurwhal, a few marches beyond Mussourie. I had just returned from Thibet, and wanted to bag a Gerow stag or two, so I tried this ground. I was not successful in finding stags, but I had a few bye days at Gooral.

There was a steep hill side, destitute of forest, but covered at that season (August) with long grass. Here and there were precipitous rocky places, and on walking quietly along a path which ran parallel to the stream below, but about half way up the hill side, Gooral might every now and then be observed feeding either above or below the road. As the grass was so long doubtless many escaped observation, and I have no doubt that very good sport might be had here early in the year. I was suffering from bad toothache, which so upset me that for the first two or three days I could hit nothing; but having got rid of my tormentor (it was extracted or rather broken off by my Khidmutgar), I made very good practice. I was unlucky in getting good specimens, and I only killed one buck with a good head. He was feeding in company with a doe some distance up the hill, and I had a steepish climb to get above him. Having at last got within easy shot, I sent a ten bore bullet through him, but as he managed to scramble along, I had to give him another shot.

In 1869 I was marching with my wife along the Pabur valley; and one morning on reaching the breakfast place—which as usual was about five miles from where we had slept —our coolies informed us that two Gooral had concealed themselves in the rocks overhanging the river on the opposite side. There were some boys herding cattle just above, so we shouted to them to throw down stones and drive the Gooral out. They did as they were told, and soon the Gooral made their appearance, taking some wonderful leaps from

rock to rock. As the buck came within range I hit him hard, and he lay down on a narrow ledge behind a small bush. I now fired several more shots at him, but whether I hit him or not, they had not the effect of moving him, while we could see that he was still alive. We could not get the herd boys to go to where he was, so I sent some of my own men round by a bridge about a mile off. Just as they arrived opposite and were looking for a way up the rocks, the Gooral suddenly scrambled out from behind the bush, lost his balance, and fell into the river: he was at once swept away by the torrent, and we never saw him again.

In 1870 I halted at Kulale between Chumba and Tisa. The ground below camp looked promising for sport, so I devoted a day to hunting it: Gooral were very numerous. I killed a fair sized buck the evening I arrived, and might have shot several next day, but would not fire at them for fear of disturbing Tahr. On the third morning as we were marching to Tisa, I saw a buck Gooral some way below the road: it was a longish shot, but I succeeded in killing him where he lay.

In places where they are numerous, a large bag of Gooral might be made early in the season, and although a Gooral's head is not very much of a trophy, still I think that the sport has hardly received the attention it deserves. The real fact is, I fancy, that the work is too hard for most people; and that those who are fond enough of sport to make light of the exertion, generally manage to find opportunities of hunting larger game.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE SAMBUR.
RUSA ARISTOTELIS.
*Puharrie*—GEROW.
*Hind*—SAMBUR—MAHA—MAYA—BURRA SINGHA.

THE Sambur is one of the best known Game animals of India, and has been described by nearly every writer on Indian sports. It is found among hills in almost every province from the Himalayas to Ceylon, but is not met with, as far as I am aware, to the west of the Sutlej, beyond which river it gives place to the Cashmere Stag.

In the North West the Sambur or Gerow is common in parts of Gurwhal and Kumaon, in the Sewalik hills, the Patlee Doon, the Kyarda Doon, and some parts of the Terai. The Sambur is one of the largest of the Deer tribe, considerably exceeding the Scotch and Cashmere Stags, both in height and bulk. It is probably on account of its great size that it has received the misnomer of *Elk* in Madras and Ceylon.

The stag is a grand looking beast, attaining a height of about fourteen hands, while he is very strongly made. The colour is a dark-brown, and when the coat has been recently shed, an old stag looks nearly black. The hair is extremely coarse, and at certain seasons the throat is surrounded by a shaggy mane, which is erected when the animal is excited.

The horns are massive, but have usually only three tines. The Sambur of the higher hills, however, have frequently more tines, which has given rise to the belief that it was a different species, but I believe that there is no doubt that the Gerow and the Sambur are the same. I know of no Deer whose horns vary so much in size as those of the Sambur, apparently irrespective of the age or size of the animal. Very large stags sometimes carry small stunted looking horns. I have seen some grand Gerow heads, but I never saw a really fine pair of horns that had been procured in the Terai or Doon. I regret that I do not possess a pair worth photographing.

The Sambur Hind much resembles the female Red Deer.

Sambur delight in stony hills, where there is plenty of cover, and where they can have easy access to water. They browse more than graze, and are nearly nocturnal in their habits. During the daytime they seek the most shady retreats, and old stags especially are most difficult to find, frequently betaking themselves to almost inaccessible places where the uninitiated would never dream of looking for them. The experienced hunter, indeed, has frequently to depend more upon fortune than his own knowledge of woodcraft.

Sambur generally shed their horns in March or April, and it is principally on that

account that I have never had the opportunity of securing a stag with a fine head. I could never obtain leave of absence before the time when the horns had dropped off, and although I might have shot numbers of stags with their horns "in the velvet," I have only fired at one, which I shot for the sake of the meat. I was returning from an unsuccessful search for a wounded Elephant, when I came suddenly upon this stag, who was standing in a dry watercourse. My bullet struck him rather too low, and I had to track him for a long distance, before I came up with him again, and gave him another shot. This was in May, 1865.

In August of the same year I hunted for Gerow in the hills near Billing in Gurwhal. I frequently found fresh tracks, and several times at night I heard the singular trumpet-like call of the Deer close to my tent; but though I perseveringly worked for more than a fortnight, I never even had a glimpse of a stag.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE BARKING DEER.
CERVULUS AUREUS.
*Hind*—KAKUR—RUTWA.

THE Barking Deer is only found in the lower hills, including the Sewalik range, and seldom ascends to a greater height than 5,000 or 6,000 feet. Although it may be met with nearly everywhere between Nepaul and the Indus, the Barking Deer is not exactly plentiful, except in certain localities. A well-known sportsman told me that he once stalked and shot *nine* in one morning, in a small valley in Kumaon. Usually, even where they are tolerably common, only two or three would be seen during a morning's walk.

The Barking Deer generally goes by its native name of Kakur; it is also known to naturalists by the name of Muntjac, but I do not know in what country it receives that appellation—certainly not in any part of India with which I am acquainted.

The Kakur is one of the smallest Deer, not being much more than eighteen inches in height. The body is long and flexible, and the legs very short, which enables the animal to make its way with ease through the low and tangled copses which it generally frequents. The colour of the skin is a bright red, and the hair is short, smooth, and glossy. The under parts are white, including the under part of the tail, which is rather long, and is usually carried erect when the animal is running away. Frequently the whisk of the white tail is the first and last sign of the Deer which catches the eye, as the little beast bounds into thick cover, on the edge of which it had previously been standing unobserved.

Two grooves or folds of the skin in the form of a V give a curious expression to the face, which is heightened by black tufts of hair over the eyebrows.

Above the folds in the face are two pedestals of bone covered with hair, on the summit of which the horns are situated: they fork near the top, the outer branches bending inwards in the form of hooks. In adult specimens there is also a small tine near the base of the horn. The male is also furnished with two strong and sharp tusks in the upper jaw; these are formidable weapons, and small as the Kakur is, he can make uncommonly good use of them. I have heard, on the best authority, of powerful dogs being badly injured, and even killed by a wounded buck.

When the Kakur runs, a curious rattling sound is sometimes heard, and various theories have been advanced to account for it. I have not succeeded in solving the problem to my entire satisfaction, but I *believe* that the sound is produced either by the jaws being closed with a clash, or by the tongue being struck sharply against the roof of the mouth. The



THE BARKING DEER *(Cervulus aureus).*

sound is not produced by the tusks, for I have heard it made by a female Kakur which I kept for some time. The little beast was very tame, and used to sleep in our bedroom, where it would frequently make a good deal of noise by champing its jaws and licking itself all over with its long extensile tongue. The Kakur, like the four-horned Antelope, has very upright hoofs, and it walks with singular stilty action. When galloping it keeps its head low and bounds along in a peculiar springy manner.

Many visitors to the various Hill Stations of the Himalayas, who may never have seen a Kakur, must probably be well acquainted with its voice, which is wonderfully powerful for such a small animal. It is rather difficult to convey a correct idea of it by words, but it may perhaps be best described as a hoarse, resonant bark. The cry may frequently be heard in the mornings and evenings, and it is also often uttered when the Deer is alarmed, when it hears any loud or unusual sound, or suspects the existence of any danger. Occasionally a Kakur will continue to bark, at short intervals, for an hour at a time, and advantage may be taken of his thus betraying his whereabouts, to stalk him, and probably obtain an easy shot.

Kakur inhabit any wooded hills where there is plenty of cover; they seldom stray into very open ground, but are generally to be found on the edge of thick bushes, or near shady ravines, in which they instantly conceal themselves when alarmed. In the mornings and evenings they move about in a stealthy manner, occasionally visiting fields of green corn in the vicinity of villages. They appear to be impatient of thirst, and when I have occasionally watched by pools of water in the Sewalik hills during the hot months, I have observed that the Kakur were nearly always the first Deer that came to drink in the afternoon. On these occasions I seldom fired at them, unless I was in want of meat, as their horns were in the velvet. The venison is very good if it can be kept for a few days.

I have stalked and shot Kakur at various times, and have also had them driven out of cover: many may be found in this manner, but, unless one knows their usual runs, it is difficult to know where to post oneself. Like many other animals, the Kakur objects to being driven, and will break back through the beaters in order to make his point. As they probably only give a chance of a snap shot at short range, it is easier to kill them with a charge of shot than with a rifle bullet: the latter method is of course the more satisfactory and sportsmanlike.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE SPOTTED DEER.
AXIS MACULATUS.
*Hindustani*—CHEETAL—(THE MALE-JHANK).

THIS beautiful deer is common all along the foot of the Himalayas from the Sutlej eastwards. I am not aware of its being found in the Punjab. It is also met with in Central India, and in most places where there are low hills well covered with jungle, where water is also plentiful. In the Doon it is very numerous, and occasional tracts of the Terai literally swarm with Cheetal, which often collect in large herds.

The Spotted Deer somewhat resembles the Fallow Deer, but its colouring is more brilliant, and it is a gamer looking animal. Its colour is a bright reddish chesnut, with a dark-brown stripe along the back; the lower parts are white, and the whole body is beautifully spotted with white, the marks being arranged in horizontal lines. The tail is long, white beneath, and somewhat bushy.

When in good condition the skin is singularly glossy, and very beautiful. The horns of the Cheetal are large in proportion to the size of the animal; they vary very much in shape and thickness; they have only three tines, though occasional specimens may be found with four tines, but these are usually deformities.

A peculiarity about the Spotted Deer is, that it appears to have no regular season for shedding its horns, as is, I believe, the case with almost all other Deer. I have shot stags with hard horns, others with horns in the velvet, and others again without any horns, in the same week; and this in different months. Others have remarked the same, and some have hence inferred that the Cheetal does not shed its horns annually. This would be against all analogy, and I think that the real explanation of the fact is that the Cheetal sheds its horns annually, not at any particular season, but according to its age. The breeding season is not restricted to any one month, and therefore Deer would be born in various months, and would shed their horns accordingly.

The females are considerably smaller than the males, slightly lighter in color, and with smaller spots.

The Spotted Deer inhabits the forests at the foot of the hills, and is also found on the hills themselves to the elevation of a few hundred feet. It seems particularly to delight in low hills intersected by watercourses, such as the Sewaliks and the hills enclosing the various "Doons," as the valleys which lie at the foot of the Himalayas are called. Among these low hills it may be stalked and shot on foot, and then affords



THE SPOTTED DEER *(Axis maculatus).*

charming sport. In the level grassy jungles of the Terai the undergrowth is so high that it is impossible to shoot except off an Elephant; a mode of shooting which I think is comparatively uninteresting.

The Cheetal is a shy and retiring animal, lying quiet in the densest thickets during the heat of the day, and if disturbed, generally attempting to elude observation by concealment, or by trying to sneak quietly away. I have often when beating for Tigers seen a cunning old buck with his head down silently creeping away through the jungle, sometimes passing almost under the Elephants. When on foot I have known a herd come quietly past within two or three yards of me in thick cover, and even at that short distance have had difficulty in getting a shot. It might be supposed that such a brightly coloured animal would be very conspicuous in the forest, but this is far from being the case; unless it moves few beasts are more difficult to see; the colour of the skin harmonizes with the dead leaves and grass, while the white spots are undistinguishable from the little flecks of light caused by the sunshine passing through the leafy branches. Cheetal generally assemble in herds of from ten to thirty, among which are probably two or three stags, but occasionally herds of hundreds are met with.

On being disturbed, and especially on detecting the presence of a beast of prey, the Cheetal utters a sort of shrill bark, and many a time has this cry betrayed a Tiger to the sportsman. The stag's cry is a peculiar moaning sort of bellow, and is generally to be heard at night.

The Cheetal is very tenacious of life, and frequently escapes when mortally wounded, though of course only to die in the jungle.

On the 3rd of May, 1863, I arrived at Futtehpoor Bungalow, about sixteen miles from Roorkee. Going out into the jungle I had not walked very far when I caught a glimpse of a buck Cheetal galloping through the bushes. I ran for a shot, and fired as he was going straight away from me at a distance of about ninety yards. I heard the shell explode, and the buck staggered but went on. On going to the spot I found plenty of blood and *small pieces of flesh* lying about! We had to track him for fully half-a-mile and then he required another bullet. I found that the shell had completely shattered his hind quarters. The same evening I stalked and shot another buck, but as it was late I had to leave him in the jungle. Next morning I found that a Tiger had carried off the carcase: I tracked him to where he had left the remains, and sat by the place in the evening. The Tiger did not appear before it became quite dark, so I went home, but next morning I discovered that he had again visited the scanty remains.

Having met my friend M., who had a number of Elephants, he asked me to join him and beat for Tigers, and consequently I did not shoot many more Deer for some days.

On the 23rd, M., having given up shooting and returned home, I was encamped by myself in the Undera Kohl, one of the narrow valleys or glens which intersect the Sewalik hills. My tent was close to the stream, and a couple of Elephants were picketed within fifty yards. On awaking this morning I felt tired and disinclined to go out, so

I called my Shikarrie and ordered him to go and shoot a peafowl. As I was speaking a Kakur barked on the opposite bank, so I went out in my shirt and slippers to look for him, and immediately saw a buck Cheetal standing in the water not more than seventy yards off. His tail was turned towards me, and I fired and missed him, but to my astonishment he never stirred! I fired again and broke his shoulder, but he still remained motionless, his foreleg dangling loose! I sent my Shikarrie for my gun, which he brought me, and at the same time informed me that a Tiger had gone up the hill behind my tent. I finished the Cheetal with a ball from my gun, and heard the Tiger growl in answer to my shot. On inquiry I found that the Tiger had been stalking the Cheetal at the same time as myself. He was among some long grass, not twenty yards from me, nor fifty from the tents, when I fired the first shot, on hearing which he had jumped up with a growl and walked up the hill close to my servants. I immediately mounted an Elephant and went after him, but was unable to find him. The Cheetal must have been aware that the Tiger was stalking him, and become paralysed from fear. I have been told of other instances where Deer were so terrified by Tigers that they appeared to be unable even to make an effort to escape.

On the 25th I came on a herd of Cheetal in the rather open jungle at the foot of some low hills to which they betook themselves. I carefully followed them, and at length succeeded in making a capital stalk at an old stag. He was quietly feeding in company with two or three does on a small open flat on the top of a hill. On reaching the summit and looking carefully over I found myself within seventy yards, but the stag was feeding straight away from me. It was early morning, and as the rising sun shone on his glossy coat I thought I had never seen a more beautiful animal. At length he turned his head, and I instantly sent a bullet through his neck, dropping him stone dead: he was in perfect condition, with a very bright skin much splashed with white; his horns were also very fine. In the evening I made a pretty shot at another buck at full gallop, sending him crashing down into a deep narrow ravine. On subsequent days I shot several more, but there was nothing remarkable about any of the stalks.

The best Cheetal's head I ever procured was the one here photographed. On the 12th of May, 1865, I was encamped in Dholkund in the Sewaliks. My friend F., who was with me, had gone out early in the morning to look for a Bear whose tracks he had seen the day before. I remained in camp, but after a time my attention was drawn to some Cheetal which were barking and making a great noise not far from the tents. I went out and soon found the herd, but they were in motion before I observed them. I followed them up and got a shot at the stag at one hundred and seventy yards, as he went up the opposite side of a ravine. I broke his foreleg, and fired three other shots at him as he stood, hitting him with one. He then rushed down into the ravine, which became much narrower farther on: I therefore sent a man round to head him, and then following him up hemmed him into a narrow place where I caught him by the horns. The antlers, as will be seen by the photograph, were very thick and symmetrical, and I have never seen a finer pair in any one's possession. I once, however, saw a stag in the Sewaliks whose

horns seemed to be enormous—very much larger than any others I ever saw: unfortunately I could not get a shot at him.

March, April, and May are the best months for shooting Cheetal on foot in the Sewaliks. A good deal of the grass has then been burned, and the Deer are easily found among the low hills, especially in the vicinity of water. This shooting in the Sewaliks is about the most delightful I know. A great variety of animals may be met with, and several shots may generally be obtained during the day.

## CHAPTER X.

THE HOG DEER.
AXIS PORCINUS.
*Hindustani*—PARA.

THE Hog Deer is found from the Sutlej eastwards in grassy jungles on the borders of rivers and swamps. It is most common in some of the wetter portions of the Terai. There are a good many in the Khadir or old bed of the Ganges.

The Hog Deer somewhat resembles the Spotted Deer, but is not nearly such a handsome animal, being heavily made, and standing on short legs. Its English name has been derived from the Pig-like manner in which it rushes through the long grass when disturbed; keeping its head low down, and galloping without that bounding action which characterises most deer. The colour of the skin is a dark reddish brown, occasionally more or less spotted with white; the hair is rough and coarse in texture. The horns have three tines, but they are much smaller than those of the Cheetal, and have a stunted appearance.

The females are very much smaller than the males. The young ones are spotted like Cheetal.

The Hog Deer is very rarely found far from water, and when disturbed usually seeks shelter in the nearest swamp. It is not gregarious, but many may be seen at the same time in favourable localities, where they sometimes collect in large numbers, though apparently quite independent of each other. Many are usually put up when beating for Tigers, and they are a favourite prey of that animal.

In open ground the Hog Deer may be speared off horseback, and some have thus been killed by the Meerut Tent Club, affording capital runs. I have never attempted it, as I have generally been expecting Pig when I have had the chance of a good run at Hog Deer.

They usually lie very close, and when forced to move go off with a tremendous headlong rush. As they are generally found only in long grass they are seldom shot except off Elephants, and the same reason prevents them from being coursed with greyhounds, to which they would fall an easy prey. Being found in such numbers they afford good practice in howdah shooting, and many more are missed than hit. No one thinks of firing at them when Tigers are likely to be found, but an occasional bye-day is often devoted to them when no better game is expected.

I once witnessed very curious and unaccountable behaviour on the part of a Hog Deer. I was hunting Elephants on the left bank of the Ganges, a few miles above



THE HOG DEER *(Axis porcinus).*

Hurdwar, on the 24th of May, 1865. I had found a Tusker standing at the edge of a long belt of high reeds, bordered by a perfectly open plain covered with short grass. Taking advantage of an angle in the reeds, I was walking up to the Elephant; when, within two hundred yards of him, I saw a fine buck Hog Deer, with his horns in the velvet, lying out on the plain. He gazed at me, and as I was afraid that he would go away with a rush and alarm the Elephant, I tried to drive him away quietly by waving my hand and then my handkerchief at him. He would not move, however, but lay looking at me until I had advanced to within ten yards of him, when he started up and rushed into the reeds with a sharp cry.

I have shot a good many Hog Deer at various times, but there is really nothing worth mentioning about any of them.

I shot the one photographed, on the 10th May, 1867. I remember he took a tremendous deal of killing. I hit him first when close to the Elephant with a ten-bore rifle, but he went away, and my friend B. and I had to follow him up and give him a good many more bullets before he could be secured. The horns are a very good pair.

The Hog Deer seems to shed his horns later than most Deer, and, like the Cheetal, rather irregularly. Deformed horns are frequently met with.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE TIGER.
FELIS TIGRIS.
*Hind*—BAGH—SHAIR—KAIREE SHAIR—SEE.

THE Tiger is found in suitable situations all over India, and even occasionally ascends the Himalayas nearly to the limit of the snows. The broad belt of forest at the foot of the Himalayas, termed the Terai, and the lower spurs of the hills, are the great strongholds of Tigers in the North West; from which stragglers occasionally stray to great distances, and are found where they would be little expected.

The Tiger is too well known to require description, but I must correct one very prevalent error which so many fall into regarding the size of Tigers. One often hears of Tigers measuring twelve or thirteen feet in length; and ten and eleven feet are among the lowest measurements given by some writers in their description of Tigers killed by them. These measurements are taken from the *skins*, not from the *animals*. Very few Tigers exceed ten feet in length, and most are under nine feet six inches; nine feet is very long for a Tigress.

Tigers vary much in height, in girth, and in length of tail. The fairest mode of comparison, if it could be carried out, would be by weighing. The colour varies a good deal, some being darker than others; and the number and arrangement of the stripes also varies much. As a rule the colour becomes lighter, and the stripes fewer and less distinct, as the animal advances in age. Young Tigers have longer and more *fluffy* hair than the old ones, though I have seen a very old male with a great deal of long hair about his throat, forming, indeed, a sort of mane.

The Tiger, as is well known, delights in thick cover in the vicinity of water. In the cold weather, when water is plentiful, the Tigers are much scattered; a great many of them betaking themselves to the lower hills and wandering about a great deal. At this season there is no certainty of finding them. As the hot weather approaches water becomes scarcer; much of the grass jungle is burned; and the Tigers frequent the shady jungles on the banks of rivers, beds of reeds on the margins of swamps, and such cool and moist retreats. They are then disinclined to move during the heat of the day, and may be found for a certainty in the places which they are known to frequent, and when once found can be generally accounted for. At this time they frequently do great damage among the herds of cattle, which are of course obliged to be kept in the neighbourhood of water.

It is rarely that Tigers become man-eaters in the North West, probably on account of there being such abundance of game and cattle for them. Unless provoked the Tiger will rarely attack a man, but does his best to get quietly away. Tigers vary much in their

dispositions, some fighting desperately, and others dying like curs without attempting to be revenged on their assailants.

In the Terai the only way of shooting Tigers is off Elephants: shooting them on foot is simply impossible: the grass is so high that the Tiger could not be seen. Those who have shot Tigers on foot in the Bombay Presidency and other parts, where Tigers are driven out of nullahs, may disparage the Terai shooting, but the nature of the countries is so different that it is impossible to apply the same rules to both. Some will decry all Tiger shooting on foot as foolhardiness, and others will compare Tiger shooting off an Elephant to "shooting a mad Dog from the roof of an omnibus!" I can speak with no authority on the subject, never having had the opportunity of shooting a Tiger on foot, with the exception of one wounded one, as described hereafter. I think, however, that there is little doubt that Tiger shooting on foot may be carried out with very little risk in favourable localities if properly conducted, as described by Mr. Rice in his most interesting book. For my own part, I should not have the slightest hesitation in firing at a Tiger if he were going away from me, or if I had the advantage of being above him or behind a tree, but I think that no one who values his life should walk up to a Tiger which is expecting him, however confident he may be in his own shooting. Every one has heard how Tigers which have been mortally wounded have struck down men in their dying agonies; and almost every year some fatal accident occurs to add to the warnings, but they are still too often unheeded. Young sportsmen are usually ready to laugh at the danger which more experienced ones acknowledge, and though men are to be found who have made a practice of shooting Tigers on foot, still more have paid the penalty of their rashness, and those who do survive will usually be *among the first to point out the danger*. The blow of a Tiger's paw is irresistible, and though he may generally be turned from his charge, if he *does* charge home, death is nearly inevitable. With other animals this is not the case: the Elephant or the Bison may be dodged and avoided, while, however unpleasant, a "rough and tumble" with Bear, Leopard, or Pig is by no means necessarily attended with fatal consequences.

My first introduction to Tigers was in May, 1863. I was invited by M. to join his party, which consisted of his brother C. M., and B. He had upwards of fifty Elephants out, but as I had not been expected there was no howdah for me; so I was provided with a "Charjama," a sort of padded seat with a light iron rail round it, not very comfortable nor easy to shoot from, but very superior to an ordinary pad.

On the 5th of May the camp being at Kheree, not far from Roorkee, we proceeded to beat the jungles behind the bungalow. Tracks of Tigers were abundant, but we beat for a long time in vain. Coming to the end of what we intended to be the last beat, and seeing nothing but Deer, we fired at them. I had just missed a Cheetal, and finished reloading, when I saw a large Tiger going slowly up the high bank about fifty yards off. I fired at him, and he fell back and lay for several seconds. I thought he was done for, but he got up again, and as the Elephant moved I missed with my second barrel. Dismounting, I reloaded and ran up the bank with my Shikarrie. We found a row going on up above, the Tiger having charged and scattered the Elephants; and on M.'s coming up, he insisted

on my mounting the Elephant with him. Two Tigers were on foot, but the Mahouts funked and let them get away. M. and I went in search of my Tiger, while the other two went after the second one. We had a long hunt without success; but they were more fortunate, found, and killed their Tiger.

We returned to camp to breakfast, and again went out in the evening. After going a very short distance we saw a Tiger returning from the water and went after him at once. M. fired at him and sent him my way. He cantered out of the jungle and stood still, offering a splendid shot within twenty-five yards, but before I could fire, my Shikarrie had the impertinence to fire my small rifle at him. As he sprung forward I fired, and heard the shell burst, but could not see whether it struck the Tiger or not. We found blood, and followed up the track, but it soon became dark, and we had to give it up. I was much disappointed with my bad luck.

Next day we hunted all forenoon without seeing a Tiger. After breakfast a man came in with news of a cow having been killed a short distance off. On proceeding to the place in the afternoon we found a Tiger. C. M. had a shot, and I followed the beast up. I came on him once, but had to turn round to fire, and only had a snap shot at his tail as it disappeared in a bush. We then lost him.

May 7th. The Tigers carried off the dead cow last night, so this morning we went to look for them. As we approached the bushes in which the carcase was, there was a roar, and *three* Tigers came charging out, tail on end! I was outside the jungle, and only got a long snap shot. C. M. dropped one of the smaller ones, and I followed the other into some very long grass. I came right on him, and he jumped up under my Elephant's trunk. I blazed at him, but as I did so the Elephant backed, and my shikarrie took a header right under the Tiger's nose, carrying my second rifle with him! This alarmed the Elephant so much that she turned and bolted, closely followed by the Tiger, who was so close under my Elephant's tail that I could not get a shot at him. At last I fired off a barrel without any aim, and the Tiger went back into the grass, where C. M. and the shikarrie finished him. The shikarrie only got a very slight scratch, and his jacket torn; but the stock of my rifle was broken. Meanwhile M. and B. had killed the old Tiger and Tigress, which had gone to the other side of the covert. The former had an old shell wound on his shoulder, from the edges of which the hair had been licked away, so he was without doubt the one I fired at on the first day: the shell must have burst too soon, or it must have killed him. The young Tigers were about three parts grown. All four were polished off in less than ten minutes.

On the 9th we had a long day, and were beating homewards across a level grassy plain, when some of the Mahouts who had lagged behind luckily saw a Tiger, which we had passed by. We went back after him, but he lay very close, and B. and I were nearly on the top of him before he would show. We both blazed at him as he went off, but both missed him. We now chased him in view for about a mile across the open, he keeping just in front of us. B. fired several shots, and M. joining in did the same without effect. I kept my Elephant going as hard as she could until I got a good chance, when I fired, and sent

a shell into the Tiger, which completely paralysed him, and M. gave him a finishing bullet. He was very lean, and bore the scars of fights, though he never made the slightest attempt to attack us.

On the 12th we beat two Tigers out of a regular network of ravines. C. M. had all the fun, and shot them down in capital style.

While shooting on foot in the Sewaliks, after M. had left, I on one occasion came close upon a Tiger, but did not get a shot. I was walking across an angle of the Undera Kohl, between two bends of the stream, when I saw a branch move and heard a rush about fifteen yards in front of me. Thinking it was a deer I walked slowly on, and found the fresh tracks of a large Tiger, with the water still oozing into them, but I could see nothing more of him. On one or two occasions at night I heard Tigers close to my tent, and once sat up in bed with my rifle cocked, so close had the brute approached; but he seemed to dread the fires which I kept burning all night, and I heard him walk away. Another evening I waited for a Tiger by a pool of water; he did not appear, but as I was walking home in the dark we distinctly heard him snuffing within thirty yards of us. I sat down on a stone and tried to make him out; but though I knew the very bush he was under—a large Maljun creeper—I could not see him.

In 1865 I went out after Tigers in the Bijnour district. On the 18th of April I shot a Tigress at Burrapoora, and on the following day I shot a Tiger; neither of them gave particularly good sport, though the Tiger made one fine charge at me, which I stopped with a bullet in the shoulder. For several days afterwards I got nothing, but missed one Tigress.

On the 27th, having sent away all the Elephants except one, which I rode, I proceeded to beat some ground which I had hunted the previous day, in hopes of getting a few Hog Deer. Going over a nearly bare and most unlikely-looking plain, I had sat down in the howdah, when, on reaching some thin but longish grass, a Tigress suddenly sprung up. Before I was ready she was out of shot, but soon brought up in a thick clump of grass. I went after her, and found her crouched ready for a spring. I fired, and her head dropped between her fore-paws. Seeing a wound in the nape of her neck, and the blood streaming over her face, I thought she was done for, so would not give her another bullet, but went in search of men to assist in padding her. Having taken off the howdah, I returned on the pad, and was surprised to find that the Tigress had moved into the grass. I felt sure that she was past doing mischief; so, as I was anxious not to spoil her skin, I slipped off the Elephant and walked into the grass. I found the Tigress sitting up, but evidently quite stupid, so I fired a bullet into her chest from a distance of two or three yards. She dropped to this, and we pulled her out by the tail. After some minutes, as she still continued to breathe, I fired a bullet with a small charge of powder into her chest, and thought for a moment that I had finished her; to my amazement, however, she got on her legs and began to crawl away, creating a panic among the bystanders. This would not do! so I had to shoot her through the heart. I then found that the wound on her neck was an old sore occasioned by fighting; my first bullet had struck below the eye, merely

splintered the bone, and gone out again without doing much harm; it had luckily stunned her. We now padded her, and took her home.

On the 29th of May I was encamped at Rikki Kase, on the Ganges, in the north-east corner of the Doon. I had shot an Elephant the day before, and this morning I sent out my first gun-carrier (a hill man, Moti by name), in company with two villagers, to cut out the teeth. About twelve o'clock one of the villagers came in with a story of having met with a Rogue Elephant, and feared that he had caught the other two men. I rather laughed at the story, and waited for the others to arrive. In about half an hour the other villager came in howling and declaring that Moti had been killed by the Elephant. On cross-examination, however, I found that he had merely heard a noise, and had at once bolted without waiting to see what had become of Moti; and from his account I was quite certain that it could not have been an Elephant which they met, but probably a Tiger, or perhaps only a Pig. I at once set off for the place, and, guided by the villagers, came to a patch of "Nul" (a species of high thick reed), close to where I had shot the Elephant. I entered this, and soon found the axes and other things which the men had thrown away in their flight; and a pace or two further on I found poor Moti lying on his face. I lifted him up, and found that he was quite dead, with the marks of a Tiger's teeth in his throat. He had evidently come upon the Tiger asleep, and the brute must have jumped up and killed him instantly. I had given him a gun before he went out, but he had foolishly fired off both barrels immediately after leaving camp; the gun and a jungle fowl which he had shot were still in his hand. I was sorry for poor Moti, as he was a plucky, willing fellow. His brother was with me, and helped to carry him to camp; he was soon deposited in the Ganges.

None of the brutes of Hindoos at Rikki Kase would sell a cow or a Buffalo to be tied up as a bait for the Tiger, so I took a Buffalo calf by force, and fastened it under a tree, close to the "Nul" where poor Moti was killed. I made a "muchaun" in the tree, and took my station in it about four o'clock. I waited till about nine o'clock, when it became too dark to see to shoot, and I had ordered men to come to meet me with torches. No Tiger came; in fact I hardly expected it; as it had evidently only killed Moti on being surprised, and not with any intention of eating him. I heard a Tiger roar at a great distance, and several Elephants came to drink at a pool near the tree, and when I descended to go home, I heard them all round me.

Talking of Tigers *roaring*, the word is rather out of place: the sound heard at night is more a sort of moan than a roar, and when a Tiger charges, it utters a series of loud angry grunts.

Tigers are met with so unexpectedly, that it is wise never to walk in jungles frequented by them without a loaded gun or rifle in one's hand; a shot in the nick of time will very probably either stop or turn a charge. I had on the previous day walked through the very patch of "Nul" in which Moti was killed, without any gun in my hand, but I have taken good care to be armed ever since when walking through "Tigerish" ground.

April and May are the two best months for Tiger shooting.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE PANTHER.
FELIS PARDUS.
*Hind*—SHAIR—GOOLDAR SHAIR—CHEETA—LUGGA BUGGA.

THE question as to how many species or varieties there are of the large spotted cats which are indiscriminately called Panther or Leopard according to fancy, has never been satisfactorily settled.

I use the word Panther so as to prevent the possibility of confusion with the Hunting Leopard or Cheeta (Felis jubata), which latter name is frequently wrongly applied to the subject of the present chapter.

The Panther—in all its varieties—is a true cat, and is furnished with retractile claws. It stalks its prey and kills it by suddenly springing on it from some hiding place. The Cheeta on the other hand, although it also stalks its game as far as possible, so as to place itself in a favourable position, is enabled by its immense speed to run down the swiftest animals. The paw of the cat would be ill adapted for this purpose, and accordingly we find that the Cheeta's foot is more like that of the dog, and that the claws are only semi-retractile. I am not aware that the Cheeta is to be found in a wild state in the North West, so we may dismiss him with this short notice.

There are at least three varieties of the Panther—(and I think that the general opinion of the best authorities now is that they are *only* varieties)—varying in size, form, colour, and the shape and arrangement of the spots.

As a rule, the largest Panthers, which grow to the length of eight feet or more, are of a pale colour; the spots are rose shaped,—the centre being of the same colour as the groundwork of the skin—and are few and widely scattered. These large Panthers are generally found in the Terai, and in the lower ranges of hills: they are powerful dangerous brutes, and there have been instances of their turning man-eaters. They usually prey upon cattle, deer, and wild pigs.

A smaller and rather darker variety commonly found throughout the hills at all elevations, has the spots considerably closer together and they are more irregular in form. This Panther also kills cattle and the larger deer and wild goats; it is a shy beast as a rule and seldom shows itself, though it occasionally ventures into the neighbourhood of villages.

A third sort of Panther is much smaller than either of those above referred to; the skin is darker in colour, and the spots are not nearly so distinct and have no well defined light coloured space in the centre. This last variety is perhaps the commonest, being constantly found in the vicinity of villages and shepherds' huts, and carrying on considerable depredations among sheep and goats. Dogs are also a very favourite prey of this Panther, and

the shepherds' dogs are all furnished with heavy spiked iron collars. These dogs are sometimes splendid beasts and one has been known to kill a Panther single-handed in a fair fight. The way in which these dogs frequently come to an untimely end is from the Panther suddenly springing on them from behind and taking them at a disadvantage.

Panthers of all varieties are extremely cunning and wary in their movements. They have an extraordinary faculty of hiding themselves in the most scanty cover; their beautiful spotted skins harmonizing with almost any ground they may be lying on. They hide in thick cover during the day and prowl about in search of their game at night. Occasionally one may be seen sunning himself in the early morning on some exposed rock; but a sportsman may wander for months, find tracks of Panthers every day, but never meet with the beast himself; and it is only by the merest chance that a shot may be obtained.

There is one method indeed by which Panthers may be obtained, and which I have known practised with great success, but it is tedious work. The plan I refer to is,—having found a man who is well acquainted with the haunts of Panthers—to tie up a goat near where one is known to resort, and wait beside it for an hour or two in the evening. It is necessary of course to keep well concealed and to preserve perfect silence.

Shots may also occasionally be obtained by watching by the carcases of animals that have been killed, but this is also tiresome and unsatisfactory work, as the Panther sometimes never returns.

When a Panther is really hungry he is a most determined brute and is not easily frightened away from his dinner. When wounded or surrounded, too, he is a very dangerous beast, and though he has not the enormous crushing power of the Tiger, he makes up for it by his greater activity and greater readiness to fight. Numerous instances have occurred of Panthers attacking men without apparent provocation, and the wounds they inflict appear to be of a very poisonous nature, comparatively trifling injuries frequently resulting in death. I have met with but few Panthers, but I give an account of some that I have shot, and have also two or three instances of their ferocity which came under my immediate notice, to relate.

In 1863, when hunting for Tigers to the south of the Sewalik hills we surrounded a small Panther. A shell from my rifle was the first that struck him, but as he did not at once die he was fired at by every one and his skin quite spoiled. A few days afterwards as I was going up one of the "raos" in the Sewaliks I came upon an enormous Panther crouching by some water. He was a long way off, and as I approached he sneaked off and I missed a difficult shot.

In 1865, while halting during a shower of rain under the shelter of a Brinjara's hut in Kansrao, I saw the head of some beast appearing above the long grass at the top of a cliff opposite to us. We could not make out what it was for a long time, but at length the animal got up and showed that it was a Panther. We went in pursuit, but the brute concealed itself, and we could not find it again.

On two or three other occasions I have seen Panthers at a distance, but without getting a chance at them.

On September 5th, 1869, on our return march from Ladak to Mussourie, my wife and I reached the Dâk Bungalow of Jahree, at the foot of the Deobund hill, and a few miles from the new station of Chukrata which was then being built. We had with us a couple of Ladak goats, which were tied up in the verandah. About dusk I was sitting in the bungalow when I heard a clattering noise outside, and on calling out to ask what was the matter I was informed by my servants that the goats had run down the hill. I sent after them, and they were presently brought back, and I thought nothing more of the matter. A few minutes afterwards my wife happened to go into the verandah, where she found splashes of blood. She called me out to look at them, and we were puzzled to account for them. I then thought of examining the goats, and I found that the blood was pouring from a wound in the throat of one of the poor beasts. I now knew what had happened, and finding that the goat was badly injured, I gave orders for it to be killed. It was now dinner time, and our servants kept passing backwards and forwards between the bungalow and the cook-house, which was only a few yards off. After dinner I got the dead goat and tied it to a heavy log of wood which lay just outside the verandah. The road in front was only a few feet wide, and then came a sunk fence, beneath which was the grassy slope of the hill side. I loaded my rifle, placed it in the corner of the room, and went to bed with very small expectations of hearing anything more of the Panther. I had not been in bed more than five minutes before I heard the goat being dragged away. I jumped up, seized the rifle, and ran out, but it was too dark to see anything. I frightened away the Panther, however, and recovered the dead goat, which I replaced in the old spot, set a lantern by it, and sat down just inside the door of the room. I had not sat two minutes when the head and shoulders of the Panther appeared above the sunk fence. I allowed him to walk up to the goat, and as he was about to carry it off I shot him through the heart. He was not four yards from the muzzle of my rifle, and he dropped dead. The explosion put out the light, but on procuring another, we had the satisfaction of finding a beautiful Panther lying by the body of the poor goat. He had a very handsome skin, which I was much afraid would be spoiled, as the weather was very wet; but thanks to the kindness of a friend at Chukrata it was taken the greatest care of, and I eventually had it splendidly cured.

Panthers wander about a great deal, and occasionally stray into places where they are little expected.

During the time that my Regiment was quartered at Meerut (in 1864 or 1865—I forget which) S. and F., two brother Officers of mine, were one day riding through cantonments when they saw an animal cross the road and go into a garden. They rode up to see what it was, but the beast had disappeared. They accordingly began hunting for it, and F. had reached the last bush when a Panther rushed out of it. F. had just time to wheel his horse round when the Panther sprung upon its hind quarters, seized F. by the arm and pulled him off. The Panther then retreated into the garden, and F. having picked himself up rode off to hospital where his wounds were dressed. He had been badly bitten through the elbow, and had some claw marks on his sides. In the meantime S. had managed to procure a gun, and, accompanied by an Englishman who had formerly been a soldier, proceeded to beat for the Panther. It was now nearly dark, but they obtained

torches, and after some rather exciting work they shot the Panther dead in the act of charging. He had a beautiful skin with the rose-shaped spots described as being characteristic of No. 1 variety.

On another occasion when my Regiment was marching down country near Kurnaul, our Paymaster and a soldier servant who accompanied him, came upon a Panther in long grass and actually succeeded in killing it with small shot, but not without a tough fight, during which the soldier got severely clawed. It was a plucky but dangerous experiment to try.

I was staying at the hill station of Murree during the hot season of 1874, and knowing that there were a good many Panthers in the neighbourhood, I employed a man to go about and bring me news of cattle and goats having been recently killed. On the 10th of July he came in and informed me that a Panther had early that morning carried off a goat out of a sheep fold about six miles from Murree: the carcase, of which very little had been eaten, was discovered in the jungle not far off, and the remains had been hung up in the fork of a tree. It was about four o'clock when I got the news, but I at once started and reached the place about an hour before dusk. I immediately procured a kid and tied it up on the spot where the dead goat had been found, which was a small open space on the edge of a densely wooded ravine. Sending away my Shikarrie I sat down behind a bush about fifteen yards from the kid, and made up my mind for a tedious watch. I had not waited more than a quarter of an hour when a small round head appeared above the edge of the ravine, and in another moment the whole animal came in sight, and I saw that it was a cub. It was quickly followed by *three* others! and all four stood looking at the kid, which was naturally in a great fright. In another moment the old Panther sprang out of the jungle, made a pat at the kid, and then crouched by its side. If there had been more space, I should have waited and watched the Panther's proceedings, but as I was afraid that she would drag the goat into the jungle I fired at her at once, and immediately jumped up so as to see above the smoke. The Panther sprang into the air, fell backwards, and then disappeared among the bushes. I followed her tracks, and found her lying dead about one hundred yards down the hill. She only measured six feet four inches in length, but the skin was a good one. I had intended to have slept in the open, but a heavy thunderstorm came on which compelled me to take shelter in a cow-house where I was nearly devoured by fleas.

Two of the cubs, which had vanished when I fired, were caught and brought into Murree about a fortnight afterwards. The poor little beasts were nearly starved, but they soon recovered with good feeding, and although rather savage at first, they gradually became perfectly tame. One was for a long time in my possession, and was as quiet and playful as a kitten. It was chained up, and was great friends with a little terrier, though it would kill any other dog that ventured within its reach. It at last became so powerful, that I feared it might kill or seriously injure one of my children, so I reluctantly gave it away.

On several other occasions I tied up goats or dogs, and waited for Panthers, but without getting a shot; however, I bagged one by a great piece of good luck.

On the 11th of September I went out in the afternoon to look for Kakur in the forest below the village of Dhanda. Not expecting to see anything else, I had only taken a miniature single barrelled express rifle (·360 bore) by Henry, while my Shikarrie carried a shot gun. After a time we heard a Kakur barking about a mile below us, but I thought it was too late to go after him. A villager with me, however, declared that we had plenty of time, so we went down the hill at best pace. There were some old fields, now uncultivated, in the middle of the jungle at the foot of a steep hill: it was close to these fields that the Kakur was barking, but it left off before we reached the place. The path led along the hill side, and we followed it, keeping a good look out below us. Suddenly Futteh Deen (my Shikarrie) called my attention to a Panther which was lying on its back, with all its legs extended, in one of the fields. It looked so large in this position that I at first thought it was a Tiger. I now regretted that I had only brought the miniature rifle, but I determined to try it, and at once commenced the stalk. I found that it was impossible to get very near the Panther, as after descending some way, I saw that if I went any lower a belt of high trees at the foot of the hill would conceal the beast. I had therefore to climb along the face of some steep rocks till I could get a clear view, when I found that I was still about one hundred and forty yards from the Panther, which was now crouching with its tail towards me, but was looking back over its shoulder. As soon as I fired, it sprang forward with a roar and took a regular "*header*" into the thick jungle below: there was a growl or two, the bushes shook for a short distance, and then all was quiet. On going down to the place where the Panther had been lying, I found some of its fur and the base of the bullet flattened out to about the size of a fourpenny bit. My Shikarries declared that the beast must be dead, but I did not feel at all sure of this, and insisted upon caution. I gave Futteh Deen the gun loaded with No. 5 shot, and made over my hunting-knife, together with a couple of rifle cartridges, to the village Shikarrie, telling him to hand the cartridges to me quickly if necessary. I then led the way into the ravine, telling Futteh Deen to be careful not to shoot me if the Panther seized me. The jungle was very dense and thorny, and I had to go in on my hands and knees, naturally keeping a very bright look out! After going about fifty yards I saw the Panther lying under a rock within five yards with its broadside to me, but looking round at me. I whispered to the men that it was still alive, upon which they rapidly retreated a few paces. The beast seemed to be rather stupid, and I crept towards it till I could get a clear view; but in order to do this, I had to pull aside the bushes and grass. I then aimed between the eyes and fired: the brute jumped and tumbled about for a minute or two, and again lay down under the rock, but was evidently past doing mischief. This was perhaps rather lucky, for on putting out my hand for a fresh cartridge, I found that the Shikarrie had carefully tied up those I had given him—to be ready in case of emergency—in his "cummerbund." Of course I had others in my belt, with one of which I quickly gave the Panther a finishing shot in the head. On dragging her out I found that she was a great beauty, but it was very lucky that I had followed her up so promptly. My first bullet had only hit her on the cheek, splintering the bone, but doing no further injury, and she would probably have completely recovered in a very short time.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE ELEPHANT.
ELEPHAS INDICUS.
*Hindustani*—HATTEE—GUJ—GUNESH—FEEL.

THE Elephant is an inhabitant of the forests at the base of the Himalayas, being found as far west as the Western Doon, and from thence eastwards all the way to Assam.

The Asiatic Elephant is too well known to require description, being the only one which has been exhibited in England until within the last few years. There are several varieties which differ slightly in size, shape, and colour. The facial angle varies a good deal, the forehead being nearly perpendicular in the Doon Elephant, and receding in the Assam and Burmese varieties. In Ceylon "Tuskers" are very rare, while at least two-thirds of the male Elephants in the Sub-Himalayan forests are furnished with tusks.

As with most large animals, the size of the Elephant has been greatly exaggerated, and only a short time ago I saw a paragraph in an English newspaper alluding to an Elephant *fourteen* feet high which had been exhibited in some provincial town! I cannot say exactly what is the extreme height which the Elephant has been known to attain, but I should fancy that twelve feet was the very outside. A ten-foot Elephant is a *very* large one, measured at the shoulder. Baker mentions having shot an Elephant whose height he calculated at more than eleven feet, but he states the average height of the Ceylon Elephant to be only about seven feet, which is much smaller than the Doon and Terai Elephants.

The Elephant is principally nocturnal in its habits, remaining concealed in some shady retreat during the day, and often wandering long distances at night in search of its favourite food. During the cold and dry months the Elephants betake themselves to the forests at the very foot of the hills, usually retiring during the daytime to some secluded valley, and coming out to feed in the evening. During the rains the Elephants leave the hills and often resort to some jungle in the neighbourhood of villages, hiding among the high grass which there springs up in a few weeks, and committing great ravages among the crops.

Elephants usually go in herds, varying in number from four or five, to sixty or seventy. When in herds they are generally quite harmless, and a child might put a hundred to flight; but a solitary bull is often a savage and dangerous brute, attacking and killing everyone he can. Occasionally one of these "rogues" will haunt a certain road and completely stop the traffic as long as he remains. There is one Elephant which used to haunt the Doon, and is still said to do so, which has killed many people; but I fancy that he gets the credit of every murder committed by Elephants. He is always described as the "khunnee," or

"bloody" Elephant, with one heavy tusk and one stump. I once thought I had shot him, but was disappointed as hereafter related.

I have often heard people talk of Elephant shooting as cruel and unsportsmanlike; for what reason I cannot imagine. I do not think that any one who has stood the charge of a wild Elephant could describe the sport as tame! I certainly think it is a great shame to slaughter numbers of female Elephants which might be caught and made useful, and which have no tusks to make them worth the shooting; but if the sportsman confines himself to old males he will be doing more good than harm by their destruction, while he will enjoy one of the most exciting sports in the world.

I have been singularly unlucky in Elephant shooting, and am still unable to account for not having bagged several fine Tuskers; but I am aware that there is a certain knowledge of angles which one must acquire before one can be successful, and that I am not the only man who, though otherwise a fair shot, has failed in his early attempts at Elephant shooting. The brain is the deadly spot in which to hit the Elephant, but in order to do this the aim must be taken according to the position of the head, and this is what requires great experience. In order to succeed, it is necessary to get as close to the Elephant as possible, anything over fifteen yards being considered a long shot. In approaching an Elephant, the direction of the wind is of paramount importance; no animal has a more delicate sense of smell, though its sight is by no means so acute.

I know few more exciting sensations than that of tracking an Elephant among high grass and jungle, when one expects every moment to come upon him. I know I have felt my heart beat pretty quickly while doing so, and have felt it "come into my mouth" when a Cheetal has uttered its sharp bark, or rushed through the jungle within a few yards of me! But as soon as the mighty game is viewed, excitement gives place to perfect coolness. A short account of my own adventures with Elephants, unsuccessful though they have been, may give some idea of the sport.

I first saw wild Elephants in 1863. On the 2nd of June I was encamped in the Undera Kohl (dark glen), near the Mohun Pass, through the Sewalik hills. I had come to the "kohl" on purpose to look for a herd of Elephants which I had heard had lately arrived there. In the evening I went up to the head of the "kohl," directing my camp to follow me. I had not hunted very long before I discovered a herd of about fifteen Elephants standing on an open sort of table land. I lay down and watched them, but could see no Tusker. I had intended to fire at no tuskless Elephant, but I found the temptation too strong, and attempted the stalk. On reaching the place I found that the Elephants had moved off, and had entered some thick jungle. I ran round to head them, and soon saw the backs of several above the high grass. They were moving away, and I thought they were the last of the herd. I went after them, and as I was climbing up a bank I heard a noise behind me, and on turning round saw eight or ten Elephants going away at full speed, and not more than twenty yards off. I had walked nearly under their trunks without seeing them. I ran as hard as I could in pursuit of the herd, and as they stopped to have a look I could not resist firing at the side of the head of the largest, though nearly seventy yards

off. The bullet (a steel-tipped one) cracked loudly on her head and she staggered a little, but went off with the remainder of the herd right down the stony watercourse which formed the bed of the "kohl." I followed, half expecting to find my camels, &c., smashed by the retreating Elephants, but they left the watercourse, and I met my camels about a mile back. I now chose a spot for my tent, and while I was assisting to pitch it, sent out my gun carrier to look after the Elephants.

He came back again directly, having found some of the herd close by. I at once went out and found seven Elephants, four large and three small, standing on the summit of a low hill which was nearly surrounded by a rather deep ravine. I went round to leeward, but could not get nearer than about ninety yards on account of the ravine. I lay watching them until they at length moved, and were passing along the opposite bank within sixty yards of me. I took steady aim at the head of one and fired. She merely shook her head, and I don't know where my second bullet struck. The Elephants then hurried across the ravine to my left and halted in a slight hollow about thirty yards below me, where they stood with their trunks up uncertain which way to go. I was standing on the open hill side with no tree to get behind, and only a little low jungle about fifty yards off to retreat to in case of a charge. I loaded as fast as I could, but could only find one rifle bullet, and had to put a small gun bullet in the left barrel. My gun-carrier stood by me well, and just as I put the caps on the Elephants wheeled round and came straight towards me. I picked out the nearest and largest, and gave her both barrels in the head: she staggered and seemed quite bewildered, and as she moved slowly off with the rest of the herd I fired a heavy single rifle and struck her again. The herd made for the bed of the stream and rushed down the bank within thirty yards of my tent, frightening my servants considerably. They reported that the wounded Elephant was a long way behind the others, and appeared very sick. There was lots of blood on her track, so I hoped to find her in the morning.

I had returned to camp about half an hour, when down came an Elephant into the watercourse within two hundred yards. I jumped up and loaded my rifles and had a large fire lit, but the beast would not go away, but occasionally startled us with a crash, and we could sometimes hear him chewing within one hundred yards. In the middle of the night I was awoke by a cry of "Hattee ata hai:" jumping out of bed and seizing my rifle, I saw ten Elephants come down the bank within forty yards. One or two of them stopped, and I could easily have hit them in the head, as it was bright moonlight, but I thought that if I merely wounded one it might bring the herd down on us, when, in the dim light, there might have been a catastrophe, so I did not fire. One of them seemed inclined to have a long look at us, until a hill dog of mine went at him and drove him away screaming.

Next day I tracked the herd for many miles, but could not come up with them. I hunted without success for several days, until I became so lame from a boil on the leg, that I had to return to Delhi.

Early in September of the same year, I disregarded all warnings about jungle fever, and set out to have another try for Elephants in the Sewaliks. I took the precaution of

swallowing a glass of sherry with a good dose of quinine every morning when I got out of bed, and I never had a touch of fever. The grass was tremendously high and thick, and the heat in the narrow "sotes" very oppressive. It was generally impossible to move through the jungle except by following the Elephant tracks.

On the night of the 6th of September, soon after I had gone to bed (I was encamped at the village of Russoolpoor, about sixteen miles from Roorkee), a man came to say that an Elephant was feeding in a field not far off. At daylight next morning I started and went to look for the tracks; the man who had brought the news soon joined me and pointed out the field in which the Elephant had been feeding. The crop was Indian corn, and it was half eaten and trampled down by the brute, whose footmarks showed him to be a very large one. Taking up the track where it left the field we followed it towards the Sewaliks, and after going a couple of miles found ourselves in thick jungle, where the tracking, which had been sometimes rather difficult, now became easy enough. We reached the place where he had drunk and from which he had returned to the jungle. Further on we came to a place where he had evidently stood for a long time; and still further on to where he had again drunk. I had several times heard deer bolt through the jungle, but soon after leaving the water I heard a rush which I felt sure must be the Elephant, and on following the track a little further we found that I was right. After a time I again heard him, but the jungle consisted of thick trees and creepers, and I could not see five yards. About a mile further on I once more heard the Elephant in front of us, and the jungle being more open I exchanged the double gun I was carrying for the heavy single rifle and ran forward for a shot. Immediately there was a crash and a trumpet and back charged an immense Elephant. My men at once concealed themselves; I was a few paces in front and saw no available cover. Two stems, not thicker than my leg, were on my left, and I stepped behind these and placed my rifle to my shoulder. The Elephant charged up to within ten paces and then stood still with his trunk raised, his ears cocked, and his vicious little eyes searching in every direction. He was not, although so close, in a favourable position for a deadly shot, so I waited with the rifle to my shoulder for fully half a minute, hoping that he would turn his head a little. He would not do so, however, and as I expected him to discover me every moment I thought it best to fire, and therefore aimed as I best could for the brain and pressed the trigger. Under cover of the smoke I ran back to the nearest tree. The Elephant stood apparently stupefied for a moment, and then turning, rushed into dense reed jungle, where, as I had only a single barrel, I thought it unadvisable to follow him.

Next day I moved camp a few miles and hunted several "sotes" without success. Towards evening I met some woodcutters, who informed me that they had seen a Tusker in Golni Kohl. On going to the place we found the recent track of a large Elephant, and selecting a likely spot near some water sat down to listen. After about half an hour a loud crack, as of a breaking branch, disturbed the silence, but the sound was not repeated. After a time I went towards the place whence the sound had proceeded and found the perfectly fresh footmarks of an Elephant which had passed since we came up. Following the track, I found that the Elephant had entered a long belt of high grass on

the margin of the watercourse, so I went down to the end to wait for his appearance. Taking up a good position, I sent my gun-carrier up the high bank above me to look out; he presently saw the Elephant cross the "rao" and enter the jungle on the opposite bank. I soon got across to him and found him feeding on some bamboos. Getting in his path, I waited for him to feed up to me, and got a steady shot within fifteen yards between the eye and ear, which I felt certain must prove fatal. To my disappointment, however, after blundering about for some time in such a cloud of dust that I could not see to fire again, he made off, and as it was becoming dusk I had to leave him till next morning, when I took up the track.

I followed it for many miles, and at last lost it among those of a herd of Elephants which I found in another "kohl." I had a look at a number of them, but as they were all females and young ones, I would not fire at them.

For several days I hunted in vain for a Tusker, but saw females and small ones nearly every day. I sometimes lay for hours watching their habits with great interest. Their extraordinary faculty of scent was one of their most observable characteristics. I noticed that whenever an Elephant went to leeward of me, though at many hundred yards' distance, up went her trunk, the signal of alarm was given, and the herd collected together, betraying the greatest uneasiness. On one occasion I had a peculiarly good opportunity of watching them as I was lying on a high rock overlooking a level valley in which the herd had taken up their station.

Finding no Tuskers, I left the Sewaliks and went down to the open country below Hurdwar. Here I was told some Tuskers resorted, and I had only been three nights in the village of Bhoorper when three Elephants came at night to the fields close to the village.

Next morning I followed the tracks, which showed that they were all large ones, and one, judging from the height of the mud marks on the trees, must have been an enormous one. They had, however, gone straight down wind; it was impossible to move through the dense jungle except in their path, and when I at length came up with them and heard them chewing under a tree forty yards ahead of me they had already scented me, and at once made off. As they went down wind, pursuit was unsuccessful. That night they again visited the gardens, but my leave was up and I was obliged to return.

In May, 1865, I again visited the Doon and Sewaliks, determined to do my best against the Elephants. I had a most powerful battery, which I felt confident would enable me to give a good account of any Elephants I might come across. The result shows how useless the heaviest guns are unless used scientifically.

My battery consisted of a single barrelled two-grooved five-bore rifle, weighing sixteen pounds, carrying a spherical belted ball (hardened with quicksilver), and a charge of *one ounce* of powder; and two double-barrelled ten-bore rifles, fourteen pounds in weight, carrying hardened spherical bullets with nine drams of powder. My friend F. accompanied me, and I lent him one of the double rifles; he had also a single barrelled Whitworth.

We began hunting at Poordoonie, about five miles above Hurdwar. The first two days

we found fresh tracks, but no Elephants; on the third day we were more fortunate. After in vain attempting to follow up the fresh track of an Elephant which we soon lost on stony ground, we suddenly came upon him as we were descending a small valley. He was unconscious of our presence, so we stalked behind a bamboo bush and waited for him to pass us. As he was leisurely passing within fifteen yards I made a slight noise to attract his attention, and as he cocked his ears to listen I took a steady aim at his temple. To my disgust the cap snapped! The Elephant at once turned and made off. I ran after him, but could not get a fair shot, so I let him go, so as to give him time to get over his alarm. We now went to some water which he was in the habit of frequenting, and sent a man on his track with orders to watch him and bring us word if he stopped. After an hour or two the man rejoined us at the water with the news that the Elephant had halted under a shady tree. We at once set out after him, and on approaching the place soon heard him. Going carefully towards the sound we discovered that he was lying on his side. Creeping quietly round we got within fifteen yards of his head; the ground was quite open, with the exception of a few bare stems. I now wished to walk up and shoot him in the head, while F. covered my retreat from behind a tree in case I did not kill the beast. F., however, wished to accompany me, which I did not think safe, and during the momentary hesitation the opportunity was lost and the Elephant began to rise. As he straightened his forelegs I fired at his forehead with the heavy rifle; F. gave him right and left about the ear and I gave him one from the double barrel as he went off. After going a few yards he fell on his knees, but recovered himself directly; I fired the remaining barrel in hopes of making him bleed and thus assist in tracking him. We followed him as hard as we could for several miles, but had at last to give up the chase as hopeless.

Next day we were unable to track him, so we shifted our ground, and crossing the Sewaliks by Kansrao, went to Russoolpoor, and from thence hunted the various "kohls" in the neighbourhood. For four or five days we could meet with no Elephants, but on the 13th we heard of some in Undera Kohl.

Taking the man who had seen the Elephants with us, we started early and went up the "kohl." We could find no tracks in it, so we ascended the hills between the Undera and Beenj "raos" to the place where the Elephants had been last seen. Taking up the tracks, we followed them through all sorts of extraordinary places, across Beenj and another "rao." In the latter we saw an Elephant with one small tusk, and got down to within twenty-five yards of him, but he was very wary, and either heard or winded us and made off without giving us a chance. He went up the very path we had come down, passing close to some men whom we had left there.

We returned on his track for a short distance but gave it up, and had just sat down to rest, when we heard a crash on the other side of the valley, and on looking up saw a magnificent old Tusker forcing his way through the trees. We at once set out after him, but on reaching the place he had gone, and we could see nothing of him. After some time we discovered that he had crossed to Boolawalla, whither we followed him, but lost his tracks in the stony "rao."

Returning to Beenj we met some woodcutters, who informed us that they had seen an Elephant go into Amsote. We went to the place and found plenty of tracks, among others a large fresh one which led along a path which went up the "sote." I followed it for some time, but at last reached a spot where it appeared that the Elephant had been going the other way, so I turned round. I had hardly done so when I heard a noise, and on looking round, saw a Tusker about thirty yards off. Had I gone a few paces forward I should have come right on him: as it was, he heard or saw us and made a rush. I ran as hard as I could to get a shot, but he would not give me a very good one, and I had to fire hurriedly behind his ear at about twenty-five yards. He reeled to the shot, and F. gave him one with one of my heavy double barrels. I took the other, and gave him a second shot behind the ear. He seemed quite stupefied; but on F.'s hitting him again he trumpeted and went down the "sote." I gave him my last barrel behind the right ear, but away he went, slowly, and bleeding a good deal. We followed for some distance, and then gave up, as it was becoming dark, but left directions with the woodcutters to keep a sharp look out, promising a reward if they found him.

Next day we sent several men out to look for tracks, but none having returned by two o'clock, we went up Beenj and explored various curious dark "sotes," but without success. On the 15th we had no better luck, and F.'s leave being up on the 16th, we parted, and I marched for Rikki Kase, in the north-east corner of the Doon, where the Ganges leaves the hills. Arriving there on the 19th, I spent two days in searching for a Rogue Elephant, who was said to be in the neighbourhood, but I was unable to find him.

On the 22nd I crossed the Ganges, and encamped at a village called Kankur. Here I obtained news of Elephants. I was out early on the morning of the 23rd, and soon found fresh tracks, which I followed in an easterly direction for several miles; they then turned and brought us back nearly to the place where we first found them, a large jungle of "Nul" and "Burroo" reeds extending in a belt along the foot of the hills. Ascending a low hill above this, I sent a man up a tree to look out, and he soon saw an Elephant not far off. I went round to the place, and found five Elephants standing in some thick jungle at the foot of the hill. I crept carefully down to within twenty yards, and watched them for some time. There was an old Tusker with a good pair of tusks, another with one tusk, two "muknas" or females, and a young Tusker. The single Tusker was nearest me, and I carefully studied his head to make out where the brain lay, and waited for him to turn it in a good position. At length he turned straight towards me, and taking a most careful and steady aim, I fired. I made certain of bagging him, but, whether from being above him or some other cause, I must have miscalculated the angle, for he merely staggered, and went off with the rest of the herd without giving me the chance of another shot.

I returned much disgusted to Kankur, and in the afternoon sent my camp to Kunar, while I again went along the foot of the hills to the "Nul" and "Burroo" jungle. About half way along this I heard an Elephant in it, and went in after him. I got within twenty-five yards, but the reeds were so high and thick, that I could hardly see him, and I think he must have heard me, for he put up his trunk, and after looking uneasy for some time

moved off into the thickest reeds without giving me a chance: he had one large tusk. As I was stalking him a Tiger roared in the reeds not far off.

Next morning I hunted along the foot of the hills without seeing anything. During some showers of rain I rested in a "Brinjara's" hut opposite the centre of the "Nul." As I was preparing to start again, an Elephant made his appearance at the edge of the reeds. I at once went after him, but he moved into the jungle where it was so thick that I could not get at him, and after following him a short distance I came out again and went round to the other side, sending men up trees to watch him.

Not seeing anything of him for some time, I went back to where I had first seen him, and found that he had taken up his old position at the edge of the reeds. Outside was a level plain covered with short grass, and no tree or shelter of any kind near; however, I resolved to go up to him, trusting to my heavy rifle. Under cover of a slight angle in the reeds I walked close up to him (I could have touched him with a fishing rod!) and stood for a minute waiting for him to turn his head, and as he did so, fired between the eye and ear. He staggered at the shot, and went blundering about, sinking down on his hind knees. As he turned round, I aimed behind his ear with the double barrel, which was quickly put into my hands, but the cap snapped, and he was too much turned away when I gave him the second barrel. He then disappeared in the reeds, and having reloaded I inquired from the men in the trees where he had gone to. They informed me that he was moving off very slowly, so I ran on, and turning down an open ride in the "Nul," headed him. I heard him coming up very slowly, and as he halted in the ride I fired at the orifice of his ear from a distance of about fifteen paces. He seemed completely stupefied, and stood stock still; my double rifle was handed to me, but as I was raising it a brute of a gun carrier fired from behind me and struck the Elephant somewhere about the ear. Round he came, and attempted to charge, but he was too much shaken, and rolled over with a heavy crash. Up went his legs in the air, and I shouted Whoo-Whoop! and ran up to him. But I was too soon: his great head rose above the reeds, and I had just time to give him a shot in the forehead as he regained his legs and charged. I dodged behind a tree, and the Elephant went on. I reloaded and followed him with difficulty through a tremendous thicket of reeds of various sorts, where it was impossible to move except in the path which he had made, and which few animals but an Elephant could have forced their way through. At length I again heard him in front of me, and on emerging from the cover and ascending a slight rising ground I saw him moving slowly about among the reeds not a hundred yards off. I could of course have easily hit him, but I would not fire, as I expected him every minute to come out and give me a fair shot. There was no way of getting at him in the impenetrable reeds, and at last, as it became dusk, I reluctantly left him, though feeling sure of being able to track him in the morning. He had one fine tusk, and was the same Elephant I saw on the previous evening.

It rained in torrents all night, so that tracking was out of the question. In the morning I went out without my guns, but though I hunted all that day and the succeeding one I never found a trace of the wounded Tusker. He must have died, as he had two five-

bore bullets propelled by sixteen drams of powder, and three ten-bore bullets with nine drams behind them, in his head, all fired from the distance of a few paces only!

On the 28th I had returned to Rikki Kase, and was sitting at breakfast, when a man came in in a state of breathless excitement with the news that *the* "Khunnee Hattee" (murderer Elephant) was by the roadside not a coss off, having just stopped his bullock cart.

Having finished breakfast and looked to the caps of my rifles, I accompanied the man, and had not gone much more than a mile when I saw a huge pair of hind quarters and a swinging tail through a vista in the trees. The wind was in the wrong direction, so I sent my guide up a tree, and making a long détour, regained the road on the other side of the Elephant. Here I found two men with the bullock cart, in an abject state of terror. Telling them to keep quiet, I went after the Elephant, and soon came in sight of him again. He moved towards some thick jungle, so I ran on and placed myself in the direction which he seemed most likely to take. He came straight on to within twenty yards, but the branches and high reeds prevented me from getting a clear view of his head, so I would not fire. He passed me and went round to leeward, so, fearing that he would scent me, I determined to try the dodge of laming him, and accordingly fired the heavy single barrel at his shoulder from a distance of about forty yards. He turned round and bolted.

Finding plenty of blood, I followed as fast as I could, and had tracked for perhaps half a mile, when I heard an Elephant a little to my left. Going in the direction of the sound, I saw him standing under a thick "Maljun" creeper. I fired at his off shoulder, thinking that as he had stopped so soon for one bullet, he would not go far with both shoulders lamed. He made off, and I had to wait a short time for bullets. On taking up the track, I found blood on the right side, and plenty of it.

I had gone but a short distance when I again heard an Elephant in front of me, and soon saw him standing under a tree among very thick undergrowth, where I could not very well get at him. I therefore watched him for some time from a distance of about thirty yards. I could only see the top of his head and his ears, so I could just make out what position he was in. At length he turned straight towards me; and, kneeling down, I took a very steady shot at the centre of his forehead. I heard one crack, as the sound of the rifle died away, and then all was still. Walking up to the place, I found the huge beast lying stone dead, my bullet having struck him just above the bump on the forehead. To my great disgust he was a "Mukna" (tuskless male). I had been unable to see whether he had tusks or not, on account of the very thick jungle, but had taken it for granted that he had, and my gun-carrier, Moti, had declared that he saw one large tusk. Blood was oozing from under his left shoulder, on which side he had fallen, but to my astonishment there was no wound on the right shoulder. I could not at first make this out, but soon came to the conclusion—which was of course correct—that I must have fired at *two* Elephants.

Going back to where I had left the track of the second Elephant on (as I thought) seeing him, I found that it turned off in another direction. I followed it at best pace for several miles, but at last gave it up, as the Elephant seemed to have no idea of stopping.

Returning to the dead one, I cut off his tail and fore foot, and took his measurements very carefully. He stood ten feet one inch at the shoulder.

I also set men to work to cut out his grinders, and it was after completing this work on the following day that poor Moti was killed by a Tiger, as elsewhere related.

After in vain endeavouring to avenge Moti's death, I gave up shooting in the Doon, and walked from Rikki Kase to Dehra on the 30th of May—a long and hot walk.

Since then I have only hunted Elephants once, for two days in the Pattlee Doon. I saw two Tuskers, but the fallen leaves which then (in March) covered the ground rendered it impossible to walk without noise, and I did not get a shot.

I hope still to have an opportunity of bagging a few Tuskers, though Elephant shooting is quite properly prohibited in some districts in India. If females had not been slaughtered in such a wholesale manner, there might have been no necessity for a prohibition which the present scarcity of Elephants has rendered necessary.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOUR-HORNED ANTELOPE.
TETRACEROS QUADRICORNIS.
*Hind*—DODA—CHOUKA—CHARSINGHA.

THE Four-horned Antelope is scattered pretty generally over India, being found in suitable places from the foot of the Himalayas to Central India. I have met with it in the Sewaliks, in the Terai, and among the low jungles in the neighbourhood of Seetapoor in Oude. Being of a shy and retiring nature I fancy that it often exists where its presence is little suspected.

The Four-horn is one of the smallest of the Antelope tribe, being considerably smaller than the Indian Gazelle. The colour is a reddish brown, becoming lighter on the under parts; the fetlocks are curiously marked with white, like those of the Neelghai. The hair is very coarse in texture, resembling that of a Deer more than the usually glossy coat of an Antelope. The hoofs are long, slender, and upright, and the animal always walks as if on tiptoe. The male only is furnished with horns, the upper pair of which are usually four or five inches long, while the lower pair never exceed an inch and a half and are frequently mere knobs.

Four-horned Antelope are generally found alone, or frequently in pairs; they conceal themselves in long grass or among low bushes, and somewhat resemble hares in their habits. They are seldom to be seen out feeding, but usually jump up at the feet of the hunter and bound away at a great pace. I have observed that they generally make their appearance when least expected, and I do not recollect ever meeting with one among the Sewaliks when I have been actually hunting for them.

The only one I ever had a chance of shooting was in the grassy jungles to the south of the Sewaliks in 1863. We had been out Tiger shooting and were on our way back to the tents when a Four-horned Antelope galloped past my Elephant at full speed. I fired a snap shot and unluckily hit the animal in the head with a twelve bore shell, blowing it to pieces and rendering it useless for preservation. The horns as it happened were very good ones. which made the destruction of the head the more unfortunate.

At Seetapoor I went out once or twice to try for Four-horns, but was not lucky enough to get a shot. The specimen here photographed was shot by a private in the Rifle Brigade from whom I procured it.



FOUR-HORNED ANTELOPE.



THE NEELGHAI *(Portax pictus)*.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE NEELGHAI.
PORTAX PICTUS.
*Hindustani*—NEELGHAI—ROZ.

THE Neelghai is the only representative of the *bovine* Antelopes found in India. Many species of this family are, as is well known, to be met with in Africa.

The Neelghai is distributed over nearly the whole of India, and is numerous in some parts of the Punjab, particularly between Umballa and Loodiana, not far from the Grand Trunk road. In the vicinity of Cawnpore it is very common, and sometimes very tame. In some of the protected States, where it is regarded as a sacred animal, the Neelghai are sometimes nearly as tame as cattle.

The male Neelghai, or "Blue Bull" as he is generally called, is a very bulky animal, and frequently attains a height of about fourteen hands. He is curiously shaped, having a long deer-like head and neck, high withers, and rather drooping quarters. The tail is long, and tufted somewhat like that of the domestic cow. The legs are slender, and the hoofs small in comparison to the size of the animal.

The general colour is a blueish-grey, merging into white on the belly and black on the extremities: very old bulls are nearly black. There is a white patch on the throat, and the fetlocks are curiously marked with white (hence the scientific name). A long tuft of hair hangs below the throat, and gives a curious effect when the animal is facing one.

A friend of mine told me that the first Blue Bull he ever saw was standing facing him on a road in an out of the way part of the country, and fairly puzzled him. He thought the apparition was more like the devil than anything else! and it was not till the beast turned away that he saw that it was a four-footed animal, and not something less "canny." The short black horns which the bull possesses added much to the likeness to his Satanic Majesty!

The horns grow from the forehead, and incline slightly forwards; they seldom exceed nine inches in length, so a Blue Bull's head is not much of a trophy.

The cow is of a light brown colour, and is destitute of horns. The young males are like the females, but become gradually darker with age.

The favourite resorts of Neelghai are thin jungles of a broad-leaved shrub called "Dâk," which usually grows in a scattered manner, with frequent open spaces. To this the Neelghai betake themselves during the day, and at night sally forth and feed in the crops. They also delight in high grass jungle on islands, and on banks of rivers, and are not

unfrequently met with in the Terai. Sugar-cane, when high and nearly ripe, is also a favourite cover.

Neelghai are not often found far from some pretty thick jungle, but when they are met with in the open, they give a splendid run, and may be speared. I have never succeeded in accomplishing this feat, never having had the good luck to find a Blue Bull far from cover. I have ridden one until his tongue was out, and he was much distressed; but just as I hoped to kill him he gained a thick jungle, where I could not follow. I have several times heard of Neelghai being speared, and a friend of mine wrote to me some time ago telling me that he had speared an old Blue Bull single-handed off a little Arab horse. The bull gave a run of nearly five miles, and took nine spears before he died: he did not attempt to charge.

The horns being so small, the Neelghai is not much sought after by the Indian sportsman, and after shooting two or three one cares little to fire at them. Where not disturbed they are stupid beasts, but, like other animals, become wary enough in places where they are molested.

There were a few in the "Khadir" near Meerut, and on one occasion, when out pig-sticking, three of us attempted to ride down a cow. This I believe to be nearly impossible as a general rule, the only chance being with a heavy old bull. On the 15th of April, 1866, D. N. and I had a good morning's pig-sticking near Jellalpoor, but had a stop put to our sport by N.'s horse falling (just as we were starting after an enormous boar), and stunning his rider. As he did not move, D. and I feared that he was seriously hurt, and pulled up to look after him, but luckily he recovered his senses in two or three hours, and in the afternoon was able to accompany us in search of the monster who had so unfortunately escaped from us. We beat for some time, but failed to find him. Having given up all hopes of him, we suddenly saw a cow Neelghai coming towards us, and as we had miles of country before us, we resolved to attempt to spear her. I was mounted on a large "*waler*," a fast horse, but cursed with a very bad temper, and too impetuous to be a good pig-sticker (he had jumped into a nullah sixteen feet deep with me that morning! but the bottom being soft and muddy he did not fall); he was now, however, in good humour, and went well. D. was on a nice little Arab, and N. on a slow but staying country-bred. As the cow passed within thirty yards, we at once gave chase. The stride of my horse told at first, and I led for more than a mile at best pace, keeping about the same distance behind the cow. I then began to feel that my horse was beginning to "shut up," and hallooed to D. to go faster (as if he was not already doing his best)! He could go no faster, but my horse went slower, and D. and at last N. succeeded in passing me, but without being able to gain an inch on the cow, who gradually increased her lead, and at last fairly ran us all to a standstill, after a run of at least six miles. D.'s horse fell heavily towards the end of the run, and lamed himself so badly, that we could with difficulty get him back to the tents. It was by far the fastest and most severe run I have ever seen. The tactics we pursued of trying to burst the Neelghai by pressing her at first were the only ones at all likely to be successful. Had we attempted to make a waiting race of it, we should have been left still

further behind. As it was, she had not the slightest difficulty in beating us on the hard ground.

In March, 1868, as we were marching down country, I hunted for Neelghai near Bara, about half way between Loodiana and Umballa. I found a herd of cows, wounded one severely, and rode her down. I next saw twelve Blue Bulls on an open plain, and walked up to within shot of them. There was one immense bull, but when I wanted to fire my horse would not let me, and the herd trotted off. Following them up, I got a long shot with an Enfield rifle, and hit the big bull. I then jumped on my horse with a spear, and gave chase. I was soon riding at their tails, and singled out the big fellow, who did not seem to be much the worse for his wound, and went away at a tremendous pace. I kept close behind him, and we soon came to cultivated fields enclosed by thorn hedges; after jumping three or four of these, the bull suddenly swerved to the right, and charged a high hedge with a rope in it. This brought him on his knees; and as he immediately turned to the left again, I went at a place between two trees, where the thorns were piled up very high, but there was no rope. My horse rose at it well, and I got through with the loss of my turban, which remained hanging on the tree. The bull now gained on me a little, and on his jumping another impracticable place I was thrown out, and lost him among some high sugar cane.

C. of my regiment was riding after a wounded bull on the same day, when he also got among hedges with ropes in them; but fancying that they would break, he charged one, and of course came to grief, and lost his bull.

Next day I had a splendid gallop after an unwounded bull, but he got to a thick jungle in time to save his life.

I shot three bulls near Cawnpore in August, 1868. The biggest one I got was near a place called Derapoor, where there were a number of ravines with scattered thorny jungle. Among these there was capital shooting; Neelghai, Antelope, and Ravine Deer, all being plentiful. One day when returning homewards I saw the head and white throat of an old bull peeping out of some bushes in a shady ravine, where he had lain up for the day. I fired at him from the distance of about one hundred yards, and hit him in the throat; but after struggling for some time he managed to scramble up the steep bank, and he took two or three shots to finish him.

The Neelghai is occasionally domesticated, but like all pets of the Deer and Antelope tribe, becomes very dangerous. I have heard of their being broken to harness, but have never seen it. I once tried to tame a young bull by Mr. Rarey's plan, but after many long struggles, and getting the animal quiet for the time, I found that he became just as wild as soon as he recovered from his exhaustion.

The flesh of a cow Neelghai is occasionally excellent, and the tongue and marrow bones are supposed to be delicacies. They are, however, hardly worth shooting, except when one is in want of meat for Mahomedan servants: Hindoos, of course, will not touch the flesh.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ALL the "Large Game" of Thibet and the North West have now been described, with the exception of three animals, viz., the Ounce or Snow Leopard (Felis Uncia), the Indian Black Bear (Melursus labiatus), and the Swamp Deer (Rucervus Duvaucelli).

I have never met with any of these animals, so I am unable to give a full description of them. The Black Bear and Swamp Deer, indeed, hardly belong to the North West, a few of the former only being found in the Sewaliks, while the Swamp Deer is now very rarely met with so far north.

The Snow Leopard is scattered all over the highest hills, but it is seldom that the English sportsman has the luck to come across one; I have never had that good fortune during all my wanderings. The Snow Leopard is one of the most beautiful of the feline race; it is about the size of a medium-sized Panther, but the tail is far longer in proportion to the body, and it is also much more bushy than that of the Panther. The fur is long and beautifully soft; it is of a light-grey colour, irregularly spotted with black.

I once obtained a good skin from a villager in Baltistan; he had shot it during the winter.

The Indian Black Bear is not quite so large as the Himalayan species; its hair is much longer, and of a more rusty black. It is said to be a very savage beast, almost invariably charging when wounded, and sometimes without that provocation.

The Swamp Deer is rather smaller than the Sambur, and of a light-red colour. The horns are large, and frequently have from twelve to sixteen points. As the name implies, this Deer is generally found in the neighbourhood of swamps. It is very common in parts of Bengal and in Assam.

In addition to the game animals, properly so called, the Hyæna (Hyæna striata) and the Wolf (Canis pallipes) may occasionally be met with in all parts of India, and should not be allowed to escape.

I have never shot, and have only twice seen, a Hyæna; on both occasions at night when I had no gun. The first was near Subathoo, the second was in the Station of Kussowlie. I was walking through the latter place one moonlight night when I came upon a Hyæna on the road; the brute merely moved a little to one side, and had the impertinence to growl at me as I passed. Hyænas often carry off dogs and goats, but they are usually cowardly brutes, and when speared off horseback never attempt to show fight, though they often give a good run.

Wolves are much more commonly seen, but though I have often come across them I have never shot one. They are destructive brutes, and kill numbers of sheep, goats, and children. It is singular that it is matter of general belief in India that Wolves sometimes bring up young children that they have carried away: a story that appears to have gained credence in every country and every age since the days of Romulus and Remus. Wolves sometimes carry their depredations still further, and attack and destroy grown-up people, but they are very cunning in the selection of their victims, taking care to pick out the weak and unarmed. A man with a gun, or even a big stick, would be quite safe from molestation.

I have now mentioned every large animal that is to be met with in the parts of Thibet and India that I have described; and the reader can decide which he prefers to hunt, if his time is too limited for him to hope to be able to obtain specimens of each sort.

It is a great mistake to attempt too much: it is far better to persevere in the chase of one species of game until success has been attained, rather than to be constantly changing plans because, perhaps, sport is not met with at once. Some men seem to expect to find "Large Game" as easily as they would find hares and pheasants at home, and become disgusted if they are not continually firing off their rifles. Good sport is not to be had in India without working for it.

I have described the various methods of travelling about, and the general equipment required for most sorts of shooting. For Tiger shooting and general shooting in the Terai, however, more extensive preparations are required, but these are generally beyond the means of private individuals to arrange. The best way is to get introductions to some of the higher civil authorities in districts where good shooting is to be obtained. These officials frequently make up parties of their own, or they can obtain the loan of Elephants, howdahs, &c., from Rajahs and other rich natives. An experienced sportsman should always have the direction of such expeditions, and his orders should be implicitly obeyed.

In conclusion I venture to give a few hints, which, though superfluous for experienced sportsmen—some of whom may also disagree with me on some points—may be useful to those who are beginners in the arts of Rifle Shooting and Stalking. If any of these hints are considered trivial I can only say that it is by attention to small details that great successes are achieved.

1.

Never give a loaded rifle to a native if you can possibly help it. Now that breech-loaders are in universal use it can seldom be necessary to do so.

2.

Do not have "safety bolts" on your rifles; they are extremely dangerous, and have been the cause of fatal accidents. You can load and unload a breech-loader nearly as quickly as you can adjust the catches, which are, moreover, apt to get out of order.

3.

Never walk through jungle where Tigers or other dangerous beasts are known to exist without a loaded gun or rifle in your hand.

4.

Do not become careless because you do not find game at once; the best chances nearly always occur when you least expect them.

5.

Make *sure* of easy shots. This is the grand secret of making a bag.

6.

Never fire long shots: you frighten away far more than you kill. Have patience and you will get near your game in time.

7.

Always walk slowly, and often sit down and look about you.

8.

Avoid showing yourself against the sky line.

9.

Be as silent as possible, and insist on your attendants being the same.

10.

Always consider the direction of the wind, when hunting either in the hills or jungles.

11.

Always take out plenty of ammunition, and carry a large knife in your belt: you *may* never want it, but the time might come when your life would depend upon it.

# APPENDIX.

[Mr. Edwin Ward has been good enough to put together a few notes on the preservation of the skins and heads of "Large Game," which I am sure will prove most useful. I give them in the form of an appendix, and would strongly recommend all sportsmen to content themselves with *preserving* heads, skins, and horns, and to make no attempt to *cure* them themselves, nor to get them cured in India.]

## "HINTS TO SPORTSMEN."

### DIRECTIONS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF SKINS, HORNS, AND ALL OTHER TROPHIES IN THE FIELD.

BY

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GENERAL.—It must always be borne in mind that the value of any objects of Natural History depends on the completeness with which all their natural features are preserved, as well as the condition in which they are kept. This is true in degree, for whatever purpose the specimens are designed.

The best methods of preserving the skins and heads of Large Game are as follows.

When the head only of a trophy is wanted, cut off the head, and be sure to leave about twelve or eighteen inches of the skin of the neck attached thereto. There are two ways of preserving heads; one is that of preserving the head with the skin left on. In Cashmere and Thibet the coldness of the climate is suited to this method, and heads are generally saved with the skins attached, the shape being partially retained by means of some dry material stuffed into the skins.

This is a very good way, but there is another, and one that I should prefer to adopt, even in Thibet, as being much quicker and simpler than stopping to stuff the head on the field; it is that of removing the skin entirely from the skull and preserving it separately.

This may be done as follows:—instead of cutting a line along the front of the throat, it is decidedly preferable to leave the throat perfectly intact and to make the incision laterally along the top of the neck as far as the horns; the advantage being that when the head is mounted and hung on the wall, the seam is concealed from view. This plan applies to Markhoor, Stag and all other heads. The head having been severed from the trunk and the incision made as aforesaid, proceed to the work of skinning. A butcher's knife with a rounded point is best for cutting, though a sharp pointed knife is better for making incisions.

Next skin as far as the base of the horns, and carefully dissect the skin from round the pedestal of the horns, having previously detached the ears by passing the knife through the cartilages. Then skin onwards to the eyes, which must be separated by cutting through the mucous membrane or inner lining, taking care not to cut the eyelid nor the duct in front of the eye. Next deal with the mouth as with the eyes; skin as far as possible, and cut through the mucous membrane of the lips and the cartilage of the nostril; the skin is thus detached from the head, and is completely inverted: clean the skin of both fat and flesh, and dust the pelt or flesh side copiously with ground alum. In a very short time the alum will be dissolved and will penetrate the parts, after which the arsenical soap may be applied to the pelts. The skins may then be ticketed with corresponding numbers to those on the skulls and hung up to dry, the pelt side outwards. The skull should be boiled carefully if possible: if not the meat must be cut off and the bones left clean. If the head belongs to the hollow horned class, and not to the stags, it is desirable to remove the horns from the horn bearers or inside pith; the ends of which may be sawn off, in order to let the blood and moisture escape, and also to lighten the weight. They may then be dressed with carbolic acid and arsenical soap. By this means the attacks of insects will be almost entirely averted. It may be mentioned that if the skin of the animal is at all inclined to become tainted it should be treated in the same manner as directed for skins to be treated in hot climates.

Hot Climates.—In very hot climates the following modern expedient is advisable, the adoption of which I cannot too strongly recommend. To prevent taint arising in skins, or to arrest putrefaction, wash the head or entire specimen, as the case may be, with a solution of carbolic acid; one part carbolic acid to ten parts of water. Small game may be totally immersed, and large game sponged. This wash is perfectly innoxious to specimens, and beneficial to the operator, and applies equally to both furred and feathered game. It is also a curative, and assists the drying of the skin. In all cases when the skin is wanted entire, this is best done by making an incision from one corner of the mouth through the medial line of the belly to the extremity of the tail. Next make lateral incisions in order to strip the limbs: for the fore legs, from the edge of central incision through the arm-pit along the inner side of the limb, the line of incision inclining slightly to the outer portion in order that the seam may be less perceptible when the perfect specimen is mounted. A like process through the groin is necessary for the hind legs. The incisions thus made leave the skin in form of tongue pieces over the breast.

First apply the knife to these parts and detach the skin round to the spine. In doing this it is necessary to clear the limbs, and great care must be taken to leave intact the natural features of the foot. The last metacarpal and metatarsal bones must be left in the skin, whether in the case of Felidæ or Cervidæ. Now turn over the carcase, and draw back the whole skin over the head, exercising particular care in separating the ears and the eyes from the skull. Similar care must be taken as to the lips. For if the rim of the eyelids be severed by the scalpel the injury spreads in a remarkable manner, often so badly as to render the damage seriously conspicuous. As to the ears, they should be separated from the skull close to the bone, or the lower structure will present too large an aperture. The lips must be cut off close to the gums. Having thus taken off the skin, it must be cleaned of all superfluous fat and flesh. The cartilage of the ear must be turned through. The lip must be treated thus: pass the knife between the mucous lining and the outer skin all round the mouth so as to admit of the preservative penetrating this thick portion of the specimen completely. The eyelids and feet must each be treated in a similar manner for the same reason. Now peg the skin out with the fur downwards to dry and anoint it thoroughly with arsenical soap, if preferred; but at the same time use freely a sufficient quantity of powdered alum, especially on the lips, eyelids, ears, feet, and all other fleshy parts.

In regard to the employment of arsenical soap as a preservative against insect ravages, it is not, in my opinion, always completely efficacious. I therefore recommend that spirits of turpentine should at the same time be freely poured over both sides of the skin. When the skin is sufficiently dried it can be folded and packed.

Although the process thus described is a very good one, I should myself adopt the following, which would be much more simple and as thoroughly successful. The skin having been removed from the carcase and cleaned, instead of being pegged out for drying, should be thickly covered over the flesh side with powdered alum, then folded in convenient form, and thus immersed in a barrel of brine, which we technically call "liquor:" add alum in the proportion of six pounds to a gallon, and carbolic acid in proportion of one part to ten of water. A number of skins may be placed in the same barrel, which is thus ready either for storing or transit, or the specimens may be taken out and dried. They are thus nearly exempt from the ravages of insects, and native dressing with lime and other deleterious materials is avoided. They will keep safely for a long period, and the process is at once inexpensive and a saving of time.

A conspicuous exemplification of the advantages of this process of brine pickling is afforded by the great Elephant trophy brought from South Africa by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. In this case the system I recommended was adopted in the following manner:—The entire skin of the mighty beast was preserved, the animal being undoubtedly one of the largest examples of the African species ever brought to this country. On the field, the skin having been duly prepared was folded in this wise: the flanks, with skin of legs and feet, were folded, each half way, so that the inner surfaces or flesh side were outwards; then the skin of the head was in like manner turned back, the trunk being disposed of longitudinally down the centre between the edges of the flanks; and the tail end

with nether extremities was similarly folded back to meet the trunk. The whole skin was then rolled as tightly as possible round the head, and carefully tied at both ends of the ball. In this condition it was placed in a great barrel, which was then completely filled with liquor, and properly coopered for transmission to this country. On arrival at my studio in Wigmore Street, when the head of the barrel was removed, the perfect success of this mode of transport was at once apparent. There was no unpleasant odour. On removing the mass and unfolding the skin it was noticeable that every part of the surface had been properly acted on, and there was not a single tainted fold. At that time it had been upwards of a year in the barrel. I had the old pickle removed; the skin was refolded and restored to the barrel with a supply of fresh liquor, and the cask was re-coopered. In this manner the skin was preserved for upwards of three years more, until the decision as to how this great trophy should be treated was arrived at.

Noxious Beetles.—There is in India a small brown beetle of the Coccinella group, the grub of which feeds on horns. I have several times seen Ovis Ammon, Markhoor, Ibex, Yâk, and Thibet Antelope horns reduced by this curious insect to dust and mutilated fragments. There is also another insect which belongs to the Weevil group, the grubs of which perforate the horns of Buffalo, &c., with shot-like holes. To prevent the ravages of these pests, corrosive sublimate may be used, but carbolic acid, and spirits of turpentine, are also efficacious. I therefore beg strongly to advise carbolising generally to all sportsmen, whether Indian, African, or American.

*To make Arsenical Soap.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Arsenic in fine powder .... | 2 lbs. |
| White soap ..... | 2 lbs. |
| Spirits of turpentine .... | quant. suff. |

The white soap should be cut into fine shreds; a small quantity should then be placed in a mortar and the arsenic gradually added, the whole being most carefully incorporated with a pestle. Spirits of turpentine should be added from time to time to prevent the arsenic dust from getting into the mouth or nostrils of the person who is mixing the ingredients.

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